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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The sudden cessation of news from the war has been differently interpreted. One set of critics rate the Japanese, who perhaps have some claim to know their business, for slowness in using their opportunity; another, with less courtesy and perhaps no better cause, picture General Kuropatkin as enveloped in swamps and flooded valleys while Japanese exult on the hills at his entire failure to anticipate the rains which are a regular feature of the season. Whether the apparent cessation is due to the rains and heat or to the censorship of the news, it is certain that no decisive action has been taken. The Japanese, though some subtraction must be made from "official" news of last week, are in possession of the principal defiles leading to Liao-yang; and a very vigorous Russian attack on the Mo-tien-ling Pass was successfully repulsed. General Sakharoff also has sent a despatch giving some account of a Japanese advance towards Kaiping, and there are rumours of the narrowing of the circle of troops round Port Arthur. Much must depend on the continuance of the rains; but it is to be remembered that one of the surprises of the fighting in this quarter during the Chinese war was the refusal of the Japanese to take proper notice of the impossibility of advancing at this season.

The naval news of last week also exceeded fact. The balance of evidence is against the destruction of any Russian battleship in the battle outside Port Arthur, though probably a good deal of damage was done. The raiding squadron from Vladivostok seems actually to have come in contact with a part of Admiral Kamimura's fleet from which it escaped, and the earlier rumour that two Japanese torpedo-boats were sunk is rather vaguely corroborated in Admiral Skrydloff's official account. In the course of the raid a British vessel carrying railway materials to Korea was captured. The great difficulty of clearing a neighbourhood of mines is again shown in the loss of a Japanese cruiser

of an old-fashioned type outside Ta-lien-wan. The many war correspondents, generously entertained in Tokio during the recent fighting, hope to be released now that the Commander-in-Chief has set out for Manchuria.

The request for an armistice sent by the Ta Lama to Colonel Younghusband indicated nothing but a desire for delay. No sign of evacuating the Jong and Monastery which had been strongly fortified was to be seen when the period expired and General Macdonald, according to the warning in the ultimatum, at once began the attack. The citadel was taken in spite of its great strength more quickly than was expected, and our loss of one officer and five men killed in the first day's assault is astonishingly small. Of course the superiority of our artillery made the capture of the place inevitable but the Tibetans have shown no cowardice and the nature of the position—the defenders were able to throw down stones on the storming party—made hand-to-hand fighting necessary. The accounts of the capture might almost have come from Froissart. The fort was defended by some six or seven thousand men; unhappily the numbers of the defenders made necessary a pitiable destruction of life.

The capture of the Jong does not in any way clear the political aspect. The military expedition we may expect to succeed whenever it puts forth an effort. But before the mission is no clear campaign. Of course the advance to Lhasa, which is long and difficult, will begin at once when the last house of resisters in Gyantse is cleared out; but will the Lama consent to discuss national obligations even when the force reaches the sacred city? It is necessary to the security of India as well as the dignity of its Government that an agreement with proper guarantees should be arrived at; but if the Lamas are not persuaded by the terrible defeats already, against our wish, inflicted on them, at what point is their obstinacy likely to give way? The hope is that at Lhasa itself the Lamas will no longer have the opportunity of shifting responsibility to subordinates who are rather more afraid of their own chiefs than of the guns of the enemy, and there may be a sign of the different attitude of the Lama and some of his people in the fact that the armistice was due to pressure from a powerful Bhutan chief. The Tibetans are a spiritual people, but decapitation is not excluded by the creed of their rulers.

That distinguished ruler, the Alake of Abeokuta, who has been for some weeks the guest of the nation, sails for Lagos to-day. Before going he explained the objects and accomplishment of his visit in a statement which can only be regarded as admirably thoughtful and statesmanlike. He came over to study the question of the growing of cotton within the empire and the reconciliation of the interests of his people and of British merchants. Incidentally while in this country he decided that on his return he would exert all his influence to promote road-making within his territory and to evangelise his people in the duty of kindness to animals. This is the man who has been made the butt of much silly humour and was grossly insulted by Scotch university students. The reading of his farewell address should be an admirable cure for insular conceit.

Lord Dundonald on leaving Canada was entertained by a hundred members of the Rideau Club, an institution which is representative, as is no other, of the best in Ottawa politics and society. He made only the slightest allusion to his own dismissal; and substituted a plea for federation which seems to have aroused real enthusiasm. As a counterblast Mr. Goldwin Smith has issued a sort of challenge to federationists, who he says have had thirty years to formulate a scheme, which is still remote. With the sort of perverse logic for which he is conspicuous he decides that Canada, since she must be either dependent or independent, is driven to his second alternative. Captain Mahan's view that federation, if it is possible at all, must grow slowly is an adequate answer to Mr. Goldwin Smith's dilemma.

Sir Neville Lyttelton made a most disappointing speech at the South African dinner on Thursday. We have had very high expectations of General Lyttelton, partly because every Lyttelton has ability, partly because of his record. And here on an important occasion we find him making a speech which has the ring of a politician's utterance far more than a soldier's. It is perfectly evident from his speech that he knows compulsory service, to speak frankly conscription, is necessary to give us an effective army. He dilates on the paucity of recruits and accentuates even more strongly their poor quality. And then he tells us that he disagrees with the Commission that has lately had the courage to report in favour of compulsion. He is not in favour of compulsion for Home Service, because the Fleet is going to defend us; but he is in favour of compulsion for foreign service. This is simply futile. Compulsion for foreign service, except in actual war, is probably impossible; no one even suggests it. General Lyttelton thus makes a merely idle contribution to a vital national controversy. And he winds up with an assurance of the difficulty of persuading the nation to adopt, or any Government to suggest, compulsory service.

We are glad to see that at last a director of staff duties—in plain language military education—has been appointed. The inconvenience caused by the want of such an official—the post has been vacant for about six months when, the advisory board for military education could not meet—has already been pointed out here. General Hutchinson, the new director, is an Indian army officer. His appointment, therefore, creates a precedent in such matters, British officers alone having previously been selected for such posts. Having already been director of military education in India, General Hutchinson has had experience of educational work; and the fact that an Indian army officer, without presumably much influence at his back, has been appointed is a good augury that the Army Council is trying to get the best men, no matter whence.

The Lords' debate on the Yeomanry weapons was notable on account of an extraordinary statement made by Lord Roberts. He told a story in detail how some Yeomanry troopers in South Africa, who were chasing a Boer, came up to him when he had fallen down. After endeavouring to despatch him with their swords

without doing much damage, their officer called out to them "Shoot the poor devil!" Now this is a very remarkable statement. Lord Roberts tells the story—at any rate as reported in the "Times"—with a nonchalant air as if it were the usual custom for troopers to hack away and shoot at a defenceless man lying on the ground. It is strange that Lord Roberts was not called upon for an explanation at the time. Why has Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his press lost such a chance? Here was the ex-Commander-in-Chief himself confessing to a method of barbarism apparently without any compunction! Further explanation is required. Such a story casts a stigma on the whole force; and it must either be exploded or blame must be laid where it is due.

On Tuesday the debate on Mr. Balfour's Resolution to apply the closure by compartments to the Licensing Bill came to an end and the Resolution was carried by a majority of fifty-five. When Mr. Balfour moved that the question should be put and the debate finished Mr. Crookes refused to take part in the division and "invited the Speaker to suspend him", but he was ultimately persuaded into making his protest in a less ridiculous manner. After the passing of the Resolution the Committee resumed discussion of Clause 1 and on Wednesday, the first day on which the guillotine began to operate, it was passed by a majority of eighty-seven. Though Mr. Balfour was treated with discourtesy when the time came to apply the closure, Mr. Crookes' effort was not emulated on the larger scale which some Liberals timidly favoured. All the elaborate accusations against and in defence of the closure were utterly futile. Every government is bound to use it if it is to carry on its business under our parliamentary conditions; and the attempt of the Opposition to show that the Government's use of the closure can be distinguished from that under Liberal governments amounts to nothing. Mr. Chamberlain showed this in a speech whose amusing frankness will enable the uninformed outsider to appreciate a little more the game of party politics.

A startling incident in the scene in the House at the time the guillotine began to work was the attack on two highly respectable and important brewers, Messrs. Groves and Gretton, M.P.'s. Mr. Lloyd George even attempted to prevent them from voting on the ground that they were financially interested in the measure. A vote just given, he argued, gave compensation to all brewers and appreciated the shares they held in brewery companies. The chairman, however, would not deny these two members their votes; he pointed out that the member's interest must be private and particular not of a public nature. On their return from the lobby, Messrs. Groves and Gretton were greeted by round upon round of ironical cheers. It is embarrassing for quiet and retiring members to find themselves suddenly made the objects of a House of Commons demonstration. The attack on these M.P.'s seems a little ill-natured; however their spirits need not be dashed by the incident: a good many of the members who tried to "bosh" them on Wednesday night would be only too glad perhaps to have their interest in a staple and prospering business. The whole scene reminded one of the days of Mr. J. W. Maclure.

It is curious that Mr. Balfour, who without doubt has been one of the most acceptable of all House of Commons leaders, should have been stormed at and interrupted so much by the Opposition of late. Mr. Chamberlain has always secured an angry hearing, and we cannot recollect Mr. Gladstone being shouted down as Mr. Balfour was this week—though outside Parliament he was abused far more scurrilously and vindictively by Tories than Mr. Balfour has ever been or ever will be by Liberals. However the refusal at times to hear speeches in the House is no new thing. Disraeli was shouted down; and there is a very interesting account of the incident in one of the delightful letters which he wrote to his sister. Among the rules of the House is one which gravely instructs

members not to interrupt. They are enjoined to keep silence, be orderly, and be careful of the way in which they cross the floor. This last rule is very rarely broken; the first rule is nowadays rarely observed.

When Mr. Balfour was Irish Secretary and was heckled with more than usual insistence he languidly replied that the experience was so constant that he had got quite to like it. He said a better thing in just the same style to his English and less good-humoured hecklers this week. They twitted him with avoiding the hard work of the House. He assured the Opposition that though it might not be pleasant listening to their attacks on himself, "it was certainly not fatiguing". Mr. Balfour indeed finds in the House rest and relaxation from the hard work of doing the nation's business elsewhere. He can sit there in the comfort that his attitude suggests, receiving just enough stimulus of irritation to bring the humorous retort naturally to the surface. He enjoys for the time the cultured ease of one in opposition. For the House to imagine that the work which tells is now done in its debates is an amusing piece of egoism; and Mr. Balfour, who quite properly adopted the attitude of one who has carried through more bills than anyone in or out of the House, was the right person to put the House in its place.

We have often thought that members of Parliament are pampered and petted too much by the police in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Stephen's. Large and stern policemen have a way, when a member is about to cross the road from Whitehall to Palace Yard, of stopping the traffic imperiously; and the slightest inattention to their commands on the part of drivers is regarded as high treason. Almost anybody connected with the House is treated quite regally by the police. One has seen a long line of traffic stopped for a member of the Press Gallery. All this we owe to a Sessional Order. But Mr. Louis Sinclair M.P. would go further. He complained on Tuesday that whilst driving up Regent Street in his motor he found a hose covering the near side of the road, and therefore drove on the off side for a little way. For this he was summoned and fined by the magistrate, who would not hear of "privilege". Mr. Sinclair put himself in the hands of the Speaker. But Mr. Gully was even less sympathetic than the magistrate. Whilst the House rocked itself with laughter, Mr. Gully told the aggrieved M.P. that he would have done better to keep to the proper side of the road. "This", he said severely, "seems to be an ordinary police case".

We regret the decision to drop the Aliens Bill first and most because the measure is urgently needed in the defence of the English poorer classes, especially in London. No bill has ever been founded on a stronger case. It will of course be reintroduced, and it is certain that a measure on these lines will be passed; but meantime the mischief will grow and will sink deeper. We regret the decision also because it will be taken as one more symptom of Government weakness, and we could not say the inference would be far-fetched. We must also protest strongly against the rewarding of Opposition blackguardism—their conduct in this committee can truthfully be described by no other word—it is holding out the strongest inducement to them to repeat such conduct in the future. Regard for the House should make members, whatever they may actually be, at any rate try to act like gentlemen. The Opposition on the Aliens Committee did not make this attempt, and the Government should have punished them by insisting on forcing the bill through no matter how long it took. However, the East London Conservative members will know how to bring home to the English working people who it was that wrecked this bill in the interest of the foreign Jew.

Mr. Balfour, at a private dinner given in his honour by North-country Unionist M.P.'s on Wednesday, made a speech which has been quite publicly reported. To use the correct formula for such occasions, "he is stated to have said" that the Government had not the

slightest intention to resign: they were not cast down by the results of the recent by-elections. He alluded significantly to "next session" as well as the present. Mr. T. W. Russell's extremely sensitive ear hears the funeral bell of the Government tolling at every by-election: we suggest to him that it is an unconscionably long funeral. Mr. Balfour's other remarks were full of emphasis. It is clear that he does not regard resignation as within the sphere of practical politics at present, while his party supports him. Perhaps he protests a little too much when he declares that there is not a single member of the Cabinet who would retain office for one hour if this support were wanting. Everybody knows they would not. Mr. George Meredith, interviewed the other day by the "Daily Chronicle", stated with large generosity that Ministers did not cling to office because of its emoluments. The Marquess of Londonderry followed, dotting Mr. Balfour's *i's* and underlining his *italics*. This is something like a double whip.

The decencies of electioneering have been grossly traversed at Chertsey. Most of the worst excesses appeared in a paper "edited by Mr. Allen Upward by permission of the Eighty Club" which was published almost daily. Perhaps we may expect to find such easy slanders as that Chinamen were to be imported into England to drive out the working-man, that beri-beri had broken out in England, that by voting for Mr. Sadler four shillings a week would be diverted from the clergy to the working-man. When a writer of fiction is hired to purvey daily facts such things are natural. But the low taste of the parodies of the hymns is of a quality for which there is not the excuse of precedent. "The loathsome beri-beri the coffins filled with bones" is a parody that should mar the reputation even of a fourth-rate novelist. The climax was reached on the day of the polling when a leaflet was issued which ended with the words "In God's name—" in black-letter type.

The success of Lord Bingham by the fair majority of 549 was the more satisfactory on this account. It was felt by both sides in the constituency that the methods of America had been too grossly adopted in canvassing for Mr. Sadler. It was also not a little probable that the sham address issued with an abbreviated signature of Lord Bingham at the bottom, as well as certain other published "facts", were enough to invalidate the election in law. We may hope that less gross methods will be employed in the Oswestry division of Shropshire. Mr. Bridgeman is an admirable candidate who should give zest to the work of the party. He has had the best political training; in London he has taken an interest in education that is rare. Shropshire is his home, and his family's before him. Also it is no bad thing that his frank support of preferential tariffs should unite the free-fooders against him. Editors of ex-Unionist papers and their staffs covered the Weybridge district in motor-cars; and judging from results as well as other local evidence the effect was to arouse protectionists to a proper activity and they proved the stronger. The momentary unpopularity of the Government is far from proving dislike of Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

The death of Sir William Rattigan, who on Tuesday was thrown from his motor-car and killed on the spot, was the result of an accident that might have happened to any vehicle. The car was not travelling at more than ten miles an hour, and the collapse of the machine was due simply to the breaking of the wheel, which had been weakened in a previous collision. Against warning the party continued the journey on the decision of Sir William Rattigan himself, and at the inquest the driver was exonerated from all blame. No doubt one of the peculiar dangers in any accident to a motor is the screen of heavy glass. In this case it was not the actual cause of the fatality, but it was made abundantly clear that its presence was a great addition to the risk. Perhaps the clear celluloid screens of some of the newer machines, though they have been banned as liable to fire, involve less danger.

Few disasters have evoked more natural pity than the wreck of the emigrant ship "Norge" in the Atlantic. She struck on a reef forming part of the base of that strong pillar of rock known as the Rockall. It is so narrow and unapproachable that no lighthouse can be built on it, but it is largely used by ships as an index in the direction of their course. The "Norge" approached it with this idea when the weather obscured the whole outlook. The fate of the ship was decided directly she struck and the boats were lowered. They were only capable at best of holding 200 out of a total of over 700 on board and several of them foundered at once. Of two nothing has been heard and the remaining four containing in all 147 people were picked up and reached Aberdeen in safety. It is feared that rather more than 600 were drowned. By the crew and afterwards by the people of Aberdeen everything seems to have been done that could have been done.

Mr. George Meredith, in the course of some obituary dicta just published, has laid it down that the English people have no fondness for natural scenery. The report of the National Trust for places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty proves there are a satisfactory number of exceptions. Between seven and eight thousand pounds were collected in a few months for the purchase of the western shores of Derwentwater, and though no doubt a large proportion of the gross sum was contributed by rich people, a very considerable number of subscriptions, accompanied by letters of enthusiastic appreciation of the beauty of the spot, came from the very poorest. The National Trust has now been given the option of the purchase of over 700 acres on Ullswater, the very fount of Wordsworth's inspiration. As the fishing rights and the deer forest are included the price of £18 an acre is a good business offer, if we put aside the æsthetic value. It is an occasion to remember Wordsworth's lament, "The world is too much with us", and, while it is possible, to preserve a place unspotted from it.

Another instance of the readiness of individuals to do duties for which British Governments have no care is supplied by the chronicle of the work of the Hellenic Society, which celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on Tuesday. Its membership now exceeds eight hundred and we may hope that the romance of recent discoveries, which have been first proclaimed at its meetings, will induce a wider circle to find active interest in Mr. Evans' work. The Hellenic Society does not itself give financial support to the work of excavation, which it has done so much to encourage. Its energies, acknowledged in a very generous manner by many foreign students, have been spent largely on library work and its Review. But certainly the prime interest of Mr. George Macmillan, the founder of the society, is in the work of the diggers; and it is felt by him and the chief members of the society that the perpetual money difficulties of Mr. Evans and his colleagues are a national slur.

All cricketers will be glad that the match of Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's has been restored to credit. The finest cricket of the year was seen in this match both last year and this. County cricket still interferes a little with the selection. Yorkshire for instance would not spare more than two of its professionals, but it is roughly true to say that both sides were as strong as they could wish. It is curious that the last two matches have exhibited in the same way the peculiar qualities of amateur and professional cricket. On both occasions the amateurs collapsed before brilliant bowling in the first innings, and on both occasions they proved that capacity for playing an uphill game which has always been their mark. The third day at Lord's was almost perfect cricket, and it is satisfactory for those who organised the match that an almost unprecedented number of people went to Lord's to see it. One wonders how so many working people can escape to see morning cricket. The arrangement of their day of leisure must imply great enthusiasm for the game.

THE EVOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech on the Closure Resolution had, amongst its other merits, the distinction of treating the question frankly, without the usual hypocrisy which in this matter clings to the ordinary politician as a garment. To the observer outside the House of Commons there is nothing more absurd in politics than the recriminations which each party in turn hurls at the other for introducing the closure. The loud protests of each that the occasion on which it restrained liberty of speech differed essentially from the occasion when it was restrained by the other does not deceive him for a moment. That is well enough for the House of Commons, but it does not affect the country an iota; and never a Government yet has suffered by its determination at all costs to get through the business which it has pledged itself to carry. The freedom of speech which involves the paralysis of legislative business and reduces both parties to impotence is not a kind of privilege about which the constituencies are likely to feel much concern. The trend of things for the last thirty years, during which, as Mr. Chamberlain said, there had been successful attempts to abridge the liberties of free speech in the House of Commons, is to show that free speech, meaning thereby unrestrained right to oppose legislation disliked, is not compatible with the freedom of the nation to be governed by the laws it desires. The two great parties represent certain classes of thought which from time to time are favoured by the nation. Now it is the Conservatives and again the Liberals who more fitly represent the prevailing mood. Evidently what is required is an instrument which shall effect the prevailing purpose effectually without being thwarted by the obstruction of the party of which for the moment the nation has no need. But the mere increase of numbers in the House of Commons, and the more than proportionate increase of members desiring to impress themselves on the House, or through the House on their constituencies, is preventing it from being such an instrument. If, as Mr. Chamberlain showed, there were a reactionary party opposed either to the political ideas which the Liberals represent, or to the views of social legislation with which the Conservatives are more closely connected, progress in the country would be obstructed in proportion as speech in the House of Commons was permitted without being directed and controlled by the Ministry of the day as the agent of the popular will. Under the guise of liberty of speech the nation's own liberty of action would be effectively restricted by a reactionary party. All this is perfectly well understood by the nation. It knows that by the natural course of evolution the legislative powers of the House of Commons must pass from the House itself more and more into the hands of the Cabinet; that the increasing tendency for the Ministry of the day to rely on the closure for carrying important measures, over which time is being wasted, is only one phase of the movement which for long has been diminishing the importance of the rôle played by the private member of Parliament. Since the Cabinet began to take its actual place in the constitution as the impelling and guiding force of government, the initiation of legislation by the private member and his influence over it has been decreasing; and it has decreased *pari passu* with the extension of representation. In this as in everything else increase of quantity is followed by decrease of quality or at least of corporate effectiveness. When there are too many crowded within an area both time and space forbid of their concentrating their force and efficiency; they get in each other's way. Whatever sincerity there is in the outcry against the closure is due to the feeling in the mind of the unofficial legislator that he is becoming more or less superfluous at least as far as legislation is concerned. He cannot initiate it: his criticisms are either so redundant that he would require more than the twenty-four hours of the day to formulate and expatiate on them: or they are introduced so inartificially and inexpertly into the work of the competent craftsman that his hand can be traced plainly in the subsequent confusion which begins at the stage of

interpretation. It would seem to become more and more likely that the House of Commons in the near future will assemble as a sort of electoral college for the purpose of formally indicating the select body of their number who may be entrusted, as the servants of the Crown, with preparing the legislation previously indicated in substance by discussion in the constituencies. Or if Ministers proposed legislation on matters which had not been before the constituencies, the process would be by referendum. In any case, there is every reason to believe that more and more Ministers will pass over the intermediary House of Commons and look directly to the constituencies; and business will arrange itself to follow this new order. What is the meaning of the complaint made from time to time that members of Parliament are assuming the character of delegates instead of independent legislators? It is simply that a change is felt to be preparing which will alter our Parliamentary system, but that the sentimental tradition of the older order lingers. When, as in the case of the Licensing Bill, the closure ominously suggests the approaching era the Opposition endeavours to stir up the ancient sentiment against the Government; and, as we have said, they find that they create no impression in the constituencies. Mr. Chamberlain understood this when he made his speech addressed not so much to the House as to the public; and insisted on the fact that there are no special circumstances in regard to the closure on the Licensing Bill distinguishing it from other cases in which it has been applied. But Mr. Chamberlain is a great Parliamentarian and the closure is a disagreeable feature of the Parliamentary life even if he admits its necessity. He suggests the hope therefore that some plan may be devised for empowering a joint committee of members to allocate to each bill the time which may be allowed for its discussion. That seems to be only a plan for letting the private member of Parliament down gently. It appears to leave some control over business with the House but it seems obvious that Ministers on whom the responsibility for legislation rests will as now dominate the position. The relative importance of legislation must be a matter on which Ministers hold decided views; and on those views would depend the amount of time allocated. They would not allow themselves to be overridden by a committee, but would control it one way or another. When the fact is recognised that the growth of the power of the Cabinet has become an inevitable feature of parliamentary life in the future as it has been for so long in the past, the House of Commons will soon adapt itself to the new conditions. Its degeneracy is the result of the attempt to transact business under conditions that are obsolete. It poses as if the country still regarded it as responsible for legislation. The closure is a somewhat brutal expression of the fact that it does not; and the further evolution of the House of Commons will consist in the development of a system in which the fact will be admitted without reserve, though the forms under which it operates will be more regular and not so catastrophic as the closure.

GODS OF THE MACHINE.

AMERICAN politics are among that class of subjects in which the English newspaper reader steadily refuses to take an interest. We are not disposed to lecture him severely on that account because he might proffer many plausible excuses to defend his apathy. The difference to-day existing between a Republican and a Democrat is not easy to define on first principles, and when a country is living under popular government, the line of severance between parties must be broad if any keen interest is to be aroused among lookers-on who have no stake in the contest. It is of no real importance whether Judge Parker or another be chosen as the standard-bearer of the Democrats nor can it be of any interest to this country who will occupy the White House after the conclusion of Mr. Roosevelt's present term. Certain ingenious journalists have been doing their best to convince our countrymen that it will be an excellent thing for us if he enjoys a second. We must confess we see no adequate ground for

endorsing that opinion. It would really seem as if these ingenuous gentlemen supposed that the President was ready to back Great Britain and the "gallant little Japs" if occasion arose but there is not the slightest foundation for any such notions. To controvert them we have Mr. Hay's speech delivered on Wednesday when he said that the present Government in Washington takes credit to itself for having held "absolutely apart from any combinations of Powers" and "favouring no national interests but our own". Nothing could be more evident to any fair-minded man, who does not merely want to serve his own views, than that President Roosevelt's régime has been no more pro-English than any other. In fact in one case at least we have had serious grounds for complaint in the way he treated us over a friendly arrangement. His appointment of two notorious partisans to arbitrate in the Alaskan Boundary case hardly justifies the theory of his Anglo-Saxon leanings. Anyone who is in the slightest degree acquainted with the President's views is well aware that all his sympathies are with the pure "Americanism" of the most orthodox rather than with the cosmopolitan sentiment which invades certain circles both in the States and the Old World. He is also far more likely to be a consistent supporter of Monroeism than any possible Democratic successor, though it would be erroneous to expect any real change in American foreign policy even if the blameless Parker or any other Democratic nominee sits in the seat of Washington. Does anyone seriously believe that a Democratic President would abandon the Philippines or decline to support the Monroe Doctrine? With the Venezuela incident in mind, when a Democratic President risked a war with Great Britain for purely electioneering purposes, it is playing with facts for the Democrats to pretend that a Democratic victory would relieve the world of fear of any scandalous adventures of the same kind in future. The risks of similar appeals to popular prejudice are no less under a Democratic than under a Republican régime, in fact they might well be more considerable, for a Democrat might not improbably think it necessary to display his loyalty to the "American ideal" in a more conspicuous if spasmodic manner than his more pronouncedly imperialist rival.

So far then as British interests are concerned, they do not really come into the question and we may watch the struggle with an impartial eye, for we have no reason to anticipate favours from anyone. Mr. Hay's speech is warrant enough for that. But it is impossible to avoid marking the general tendency of the American party system. The effect of such a method of popular government is becoming again clearly defined in the proceedings of the last few weeks. It is singularly like that of the French under somewhat different conditions. The distinguished man tends to give place to the mediocrity. The machine turns out the class of President who is likely to make it run with the least friction. The man who has least character will offend fewest voters and the man who puts forward the less startling ideas will collect the more numerous suffrages. Originality under highly organised democracy becomes a drug in the market. In France the result is to eliminate altogether the very able man for fear he should destroy the existing order, in America he is debarred from the chance of obtaining the highest office in the State. Such has been the fate of Mr. Bryan, undoubtedly a far more remarkable personality than Mr. Roosevelt and incomparably more so than Judge Parker or ex-President Cleveland. It has been the fashion among certain purveyors of news from the other side of the Atlantic to vilify Mr. Bryan in the grossest manner, but it is difficult to see in what way his economic "heresies" are more worthy of damnation by honest men than the similar theories of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chaplin. The truth is that Mr. Bryan held strong views on social reform and kindred matters which by no means commended themselves to the "gold-bugs" and their satellites in whose interest most of our so-called "news" from the United States is edited. Therefore the British public is invited to behold in his sad fate the just reward of an unscrupulous politician, whereas he was in truth a man with ideas and gifted with marvellous eloquence which for a time swept his party off their feet and paralysed the machine. Until

such a phenomenon recurs we shall only see a repetition of the Harrisons, Hayes, and the like who have filled the presidential office because they were fairly good men with no particularly striking qualities such as might give shock to the ordinary men or run away with the machine.

We may be told that the existence of President Roosevelt is an answer to our criticism, but in fact he confirms it. His arrival in power was an accident, he was forced by the machine men into the Vice-Presidency in order to eliminate him from the ranks of possible presidents. His arrival in power may be an instance of the divine government of the universe and would have pleased Bossuet, but it is in no sense a confirmation of Mr. Bryce's views on the American constitution. And even Mr. Roosevelt has not been able to defy the machine altogether. Let us give him all the honour that is his due (and it is considerable) for his courageous action on behalf of the negro whose treatment in the United States is the standing demonstration of the absurdities of their political theories, but in two conspicuous cases he has been forced to adopt the line laid down by the machine. The first we have already alluded to, the nominations to the Alaskan tribunal. In taking the line he did the President must have been well aware of the gross offence committed against international comity but had to consider the effect on his party prospects. In the affairs of the Pension List he perpetrated a piece of appalling jobbery for which even his faithful votaries in the British press could find nothing but condemnation. It was in fact nothing but a distribution of public money in order to buy votes for the Republicans. Here indeed he fell grievously below his own standard and the whole of this disagreeable transaction tends to demonstrate that under the American system the President is forced in the end to become the man of the machine. On the other hand the more the man of great abilities and character may succeed in emancipating himself from it, the more he will tend to upset the system of checks with which the founders of the States hoped to surround the holder of supreme power. The more aggressive the foreign policy of the United States becomes, and the more Imperialist their sentiment, the more we may expect to see this sacrifice of traditions on behalf of the strong man. Hence we hear now of "third terms" mooted without any visible tremor; and why not on either side fourth or fifth terms? The more the cosmopolitan influence swamps the old race of Americans, the more shall we see the progress of one-man rule at the expense of mediocrity, but also at the expense of Republican ideals.

THE MAKING OF TEACHERS.

IT may be objected that a teacher cannot be made; that he is born and grows; and the boy or girl that does not naturally grow into a teacher cannot be made into one. That we very freely admit; but if a teacher cannot be made, a tolerable working model of him can be. Unfortunately that is just the process with which our educational authorities have mainly to concern themselves at any rate for the present. Even Mr. Morant, in his new White Paper on training colleges, tacitly recognises this as the practical situation he has to face. Our elementary school teachers in fact are made: they do not grow; they are not given the chance to grow, and very few of them ever become teachers at all. Some of them, it is true, are born teachers; probably as many, always a very small number, are born teachers in one class as in another; but the child born for teaching in the classes whence the bulk of our elementary teachers are drawn is practically precluded by circumstances from ever reaching his proper stature. Then unquestionably the average elementary school-boy or girl is less tractable material for moulding into a teacher than the children of educated gentlefolk. All who know and have taken the trouble to consider the life and circumstances of the boy or girl who becomes a pupil-teacher and then student in a training college are perfectly aware that in the nature of things he cannot, unless a most exceptional being, make an effective teacher. Get into something like close touch,

without habitual or professional association, with the students of these training colleges and you will see in a moment that the thing is impossible; these boys and girls are not equipped, they simply are not of the calibre required for the work. We are pretty sure that any of the independent examiners of these colleges will agree with us, and that the results of their examination will point in the same direction. We are quite aware of the good reports obtained and the nice things said by inspectors; but those reports must be taken as relative and not absolute. They mean that with the material available the progress made and the results achieved are good. They do not mean that a really high standard is reached. We are satisfied, and it cannot be repeated too often, that results from national education such as we all hope for will never be attained until a revolution is effected in the process of obtaining teachers. Pupil-teaching must be eliminated, and really educated young men and women taken for teachers, technical training in teaching being added later, just as a man may go through a theological college, after his four years at Oxford and Cambridge, before taking Orders. This would mean great expense. Quite true, but it would earn its return. It is better economy to give a high price for a good article than a lower price for a bad. Take it in all its aspects, we believe the present method of obtaining teachers for our elementary schools to be the dearest expenditure and worst economy in the whole of our national system. We are crying in the wilderness, at present, we know; but there are signs of repentance on the part of thinking people. Sharpened sense of the failure of compulsory education to raise the intelligence of our people will accelerate the repenting process.

It is of course no reflection on the Secretary of the Board of Education that his new regulations for teachers' colleges assume that the present source of supply will always remain the principal source, and take account of it accordingly. Mr. Morant could not do otherwise. He has to provide for immediate necessities; he cannot defer action until a new order of things is established. What he has done is so to order things as to get the utmost possible out of the material available. His introduction to the regulations is the ablest and most scientific survey of the immediate teacher problem we have yet come across. If the students of these colleges could be made to grasp Mr. Morant's introduction that would be training enough. Unfortunately some of the heads of the colleges too would require to have it laboriously and painfully explained to them before they could make it in any sense intelligible to their pupils. These regulations with the new elementary code and the secondary code, to both of which we have recently drawn attention, convince one that now at any rate we have at head quarters an educationist who can think, who can fix his mind on the essentials of his problem, who does not confound ends with means. Mr. Morant is not, as are some professional educationists, so pleased that his machine will go at all that he cannot stop to consider whether it is going as he wants it to go or doing what he intended it to do. We cannot help thinking by contrast of Lord Stanley of Alderley, who always seemed to us so delighted at seeing the wheels go round that he never considered whether the watch was telling the time or not. It was enough for him that it never stopped; in fact we are not sure that he was not rather pleased if told that it continually gained.

To us the point of the new regulations seems to be that they put the training-college student in the highest way of doing his work, but they do not put him to work of which he is not capable. The fact of his limitations is recognised. It is useless to try to make University students of most of the boys and girls in these colleges; but they can approach what they learn intelligently. They can be led to appreciate the necessity of thinking; that to be able to think is more important than to remember facts; that teaching is training, not the injection of scraps of information. A student trained on these lines will not fail altogether as a teacher, if he is given a fair chance by his managers and by the local authority.

There is one change in detail to which we must call special attention, for it illustrates a whole tendency.

After 1905 the list of students eligible for recognition as certificated teachers, published by the Board, will be unclassified. This we regard as a very great advance. By eliminating competition it makes against cramming, and sets up a better educational ideal. The less students think about classes and lists the better in every way; everything should be done to induce them to think of what they read for its own sake, not with a view to examinations. This reform is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the whole of the new regulations. The Board for the future will satisfy itself, not by any mere academic test, that a student is qualified to teach, very wisely taking into account the college staff's own view of the candidate's fitness.

We are inclined to think something more might have been said of the value of college life, its educative effect. It is hinted at in several places, but should it not have had a paragraph to itself? The corporate life may be an influence on character, which never loses its effect. Everything possible should be done to make the students' life in these colleges one and to make it happy. There should be effective discipline, but it must leave room for a large element of absolute freedom. Character will develop little otherwise. Everything should be done to give these colleges traditions and a spirit of their own. It is difficult, perhaps, to dwell on this aspect of training colleges in a code which may not take any account of religion. An altar is, after all, the centre of college life; it is at any rate the heart from which it radiates. Instinctively every great college, as every great school, feels that it is not complete without a chapel.

THE SUMMER TRAINS.

THE railway time-tables for July show a most remarkable advance beyond even the high standard of last summer. Until a few years ago it was accepted as a matter of course that British train services should be better than those of other countries; but the great progress recently made in foreign countries, coinciding as it did with a period of stagnation or even retrogression at home, for a time reduced England to a position of inferiority. Now, however, though America can still boast of running the trains which are actually the fastest in the world, in general excellence the energy of our best-managed companies has once again placed us clearly ahead of all competitors and given us a lead which, in the near future at all events, we seem unlikely to lose. The relative positions of the individual companies and services fluctuate in a curious manner. For example, less than twenty years ago the Great Western, whose present work is almost incredibly good, stood for everything that was mean and unprogressive; while the Great Northern, which is to-day content with a second-rate obscurity, had perhaps more good trains than all the rest of the world put together. Similarly the East and West Coast services to Scotland, which were long regarded as the most important in the country, are now quite neglected and remain year after year without improvement; while for the Irish traffic, which used to be largely a monopoly of the North-Western, there is arising the severest competition that British railways have ever seen. It is not in speed only that our trains are better than they have ever been before. Heating arrangements, it is true, still leave much to be desired, but the general comfort of travelling has been immensely increased by the extended use of restaurant cars, which are now to be found even on slow trains such as the 8.30 from Carlisle to Euston.

The important improvements introduced this year are so numerous that it is quite impossible to deal with them here in anything like detail. As usual the Great Western Company takes the lead. In August last a train was put on to run via the new line from Bristol to London in the unprecedentedly short time of two hours, and in the autumn the Down Cornish express was quickened to go from London to Bristol in the same time slipping a carriage at Bath, 107 miles out, in 107 minutes. Then came the sensational performances with the ocean mails from Plymouth, as a result

of which we have this summer a regular non-stopping express in each direction between Plymouth and London which in spite of the single line at Dawlish and the heavy Devonshire gradients covers the 246 miles at a rate of nearly 56 miles an hour. By this train, the finest the world has yet seen, Penzance becomes only seven hours from London. At the same time five minutes have been taken off the best non-stopping run to Exeter. The old "Flying Dutchman" has at last been altered and improved beyond all recognition, and the fast evening express to Bristol has been carried on to Plymouth. In June dining-cars were grudgingly introduced on the north line, and for the summer the time of the best express to Birmingham has been reduced three minutes while a conditional stop at Ealing has been inserted. (The company should cease trying to run the fast Birmingham trains with old engines which are not equal to the work.) The services to Weymouth and Milford are still poor but will no doubt be reformed when the new routes to Exeter and Ireland are completed. This company's dining-cars have been long in making their appearance but unlike most others in England they are properly ventilated and very comfortable.

On the London and South-Western the services to the far west are very fair, but as no improvement has been made on last year's timings they have, in spite of a much shorter journey, been badly beaten by the Great Western. On the other parts of the system the standard remains very low. Fifteen years ago the train which in Bradshaw is dignified by the title of Isle of Wight express left Waterloo at 3.40 and arrived at Portsmouth at 5.39, very inferior work even then. Now it starts at 3.35 and arrives at 5.40. At the same date the midday Bournemouth express reached its destination at 2.57; now it arrives at 3.10; and so the melancholy tale goes on. The new trains which are added from time to time are never first rate and the aim of the company appears to be to discourage passenger traffic as much as possible; hence it is not surprising to find that though the south coast of the Isle of Wight is less than 100 miles from London it is practically impossible to go there and back in a day. The adoption of Plymouth as the landing place of ocean mails instead of Southampton, where the South-Western enjoys a leisured monopoly, must have caused the company no small annoyance.

On the South-Eastern and Chatham system the loops uniting the two main lines at Chislehurst have just been brought into use and have enabled the whole of the long-distance services to be reorganised. The boat trains for the present are left untouched but will be shortly taken in hand. Dover, though the harbour is unfinished, is being used as a port of call for ocean liners; the turbine Channel steamer and the through services to the west and north via Reading have alike proved successful. Altogether the line is making good progress. On the Brighton system there is as usual nothing to record. The Great Eastern has taken a full half-hour off the timings to Yarmouth and Lowestoft and has built new rolling stock for the Harwich boat service. Generally throughout the line the services though not brilliant reach a very respectable level.

The Great Northern trains show little progress. At Leeds, thanks to its short route, this company is still first, though even at Leeds the margin is becoming small; elsewhere the Great Northern is behind its rivals. The usual extra summer trains are being run but none of them requires comment. The midday train up from York has been slightly improved, and the early connexion to Edinburgh off the newspaper express is being maintained; but by agreement apparently with the west coast authorities no reduction is ever allowed in the total time occupied on the journey to and from Scotland, the speed of which was fixed many years ago.

The North-Western time-tables are very good. The hotel recently built by the Midland Company at Manchester having proved a great attraction to passengers, the North-Western felt compelled to reduce the time of its best Manchester trains by 15 minutes, and since the beginning of May the run has occupied only 3½ hours. At the same time the Liverpool journey was reduced to 3½ hours, and, to prepare for the coming Midland

competition to Ireland, the Greenore boat expresses were brought nearly up to the level of the Irish mails. The popularity of the through trains by other routes from the north to Surrey and Kent has led the North-Western to start a through service between Lancashire and places on the Brighton Company's system. The evening dining-car train from Scotland to Lancashire is apparently to be permanent. The North-Western has generally the advantage of the shortest and easiest routes, and provided it takes the locomotive problem seriously its position will always be unassailable.

The Midland services also, except on the Bristol line, are very good. The usual extra summer expresses to Scotland have been put on, with some improvements; and the early evening train from S. Pancras, which now runs throughout the year, is the best to the north by any route. In response to the North-Western challenge the best timing between London and Manchester has been reduced to 3 hours 35 minutes, and non-stop runs have been introduced between London and Sheffield and Leeds and London. With the opening of Heysham harbour and the starting of the Midland steamers to Ireland, the company, wisely or unwisely, is at length following the example of other lines in acquiring large interests on the sea.

The North-Eastern has slowed down the early express from Edinburgh; otherwise the services as before are frequent and good. This company still advertises the fastest train in the country, though, to confess the truth, it does not always keep time. The North-Eastern more than any other of our lines endeavours to attract passengers by liberal and convenient arrangements as to tickets.

The Great Central, which last summer began running to Sheffield without a stop, has now reduced the run to just under three hours. It is physically impossible for this line with its long and mountainous route to reach Manchester as quickly as the North-Western when the North-Western chooses to bestir itself. But the Great Central can and does at least provide a performance of equal merit, and judging by the engines it is now building even better things may be expected when its new approach to London is ready and it is free from the Metropolitan connexion.

THE CITY.

THERE has been no improvement in the general tone of the City during the past week, and the poor state of business is as apparent in Mark Lane and Mincing Lane as in the Stock Exchange. That the country as a whole is poorer is evident, and the latest returns of the Savings Bank are significant of the extent to which the shrinkage is felt. The half-yearly dividend announcements of the joint-stock banks also lend point to the falling off in the profitable employment of capital, for whilst the previous dividends have been mostly maintained the sums carried forward are less in a number of instances. In the Stock Exchange the tendency has been downward, with the exception of American Rails, which have had a substantial rise, and in a lesser degree foreign stocks have also shown improvement. How far the rise in the American section proceeds from a genuine reawakening of public interest in the United States it is very difficult to ascertain, but it is certain that the public on this side have little stock and do not evince much eagerness to buy. We have no reason to alter the opinion we have repeatedly given in these columns that Unions, Baltimore and Ohio, and Erie First Preference shares are good investments and if the crops turn out as well as expected the traffics throughout the main systems—both in the corn-carrying and coal lines—should warrant a substantial advance on the present prices.

Quotations in the gilt-edged markets have given way all round, Consols having dropped a full point and other stocks in proportion. In the earlier part of the week rumours of an early dissolution of Parliament were current and although these rumours were disposed of later there was no recovery. It is stated that a public issue of about £5,000,000 of water stock, representing the amount of stock not accepted by shareholders in exchange for their holdings, will be

necessary and this has doubtless been a cause in the drooping of prices, but the failure of the new Cape Loan following the poor result of the Nova Scotia issue is doubtless a much more influential factor in the situation. In both the instances referred to, the underwriters were obliged to take 70 per cent. of their underwriting, and although it became evident shortly after the issue of the Cape prospectus that the loan was not being well received it was not anticipated that the result would be quite so disastrous as it proved. It is unlikely that any immediate further issue on behalf of colonial governments will be made, unless they are prepared to accept practically a 4 per cent. basis—for the Cape loan yields £3 16s. 6d. per cent. and is the cheapest full trustee stock in the market—and in some respects the failure may be regarded as a good thing, for the market already overstocked will have a breathing space.

The South African mining market has been very quiet and prices have been marked down almost entirely from an absence of business. The "bears" have taken advantage of the situation to a modest extent but there has been little real stock offering and during the latter part of the week the provinces and Paris bought a few specialities. The reports as to the tractability of the Chinese labourer and his aptitude for underground work continue to be satisfactory and with sufficient numbers forthcoming the result of the new labour should soon become apparent in the increased output which the public are doubtless waiting for before making further investments.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.

THE report of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation is not only interesting in itself as containing the record of successful work in nearly every branch of insurance, but it naturally carries us back to the early part of the eighteenth century, and the humble beginnings of an institution that is now famous all over the world.

The corporation is well aware of the interest which attaches to its history, and from time to time publishes an excellent magazine in which the records of its past, frequently accompanied by copies of old illustrations, appear side by side with notices likely to be interesting to members of its present staff.

We have previously mentioned in this Review the difficulties which were experienced by the founders in obtaining a charter; but we did not know that operations were actually commenced under two charters granted by Queen Elizabeth for the working of mines and minerals. In those days it seemed a small matter whether the charter authorised the particular operations it was decided to undertake or not, and the promoters commenced marine insurance and paid a dividend before the proper charter was granted.

Although the corporation has been in existence for nearly two centuries it has never reached any considerable magnitude in any branch of insurance. Many of the giant insurance offices of to-day are the results of amalgamations: this is a policy which the Royal Exchange has never adopted, although from time to time it has purchased the business of small companies. The Life assurance department of the corporation is the most interesting, since there is not very much difference between one good company and another in regard to Fire or Accident insurance, and Marine insurance is devoid of any interest whatever except to the comparatively few people immediately concerned with it.

The Life assurance account of the Royal shows a premium income of £240,000, with an expenditure at the rate of 14·4 per cent. of the premiums. This proportion would be substantially increased if the dividends paid to the proprietors were treated as part of the cost of managing the business. In this connexion, however, the corporation in spite of its antiquity has recently adopted the modern practice of giving to all new policy-holders an increased share of the surplus, so that although the payments to proprietors constitute a somewhat heavy tax upon the old policy-holders, new policies are not burdened in the same way.

The rate of interest earned upon the funds was

£3 17s. 4d. per cent., a return which provides a substantial margin in excess of the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities as a source of surplus and of financial strength. The Royal Exchange gives substantial bonuses to its policy-holders, and has adopted modern liberal practices in regard to its policy conditions. These facts, coupled with the advantages of antiquity on which we have frequently commented, make the Life-policies of the Royal Exchange more than usually attractive.

The Annuity account shows the receipt of £63,000 as consideration for annuities. This branch of the business is of special interest on account of the practice of the Corporation in giving more favourable terms to annuitants whose lives are precarious. The principle is an excellent one, but in practice it is of little value since annuities can be purchased by the healthiest lives from other first-class companies on more favourable terms than the Royal Exchange gives to annuitants in indifferent health.

The Fire department shows the substantial trading profit of 17 per cent. of the premium income: the claims amounted to 49 per cent. and the commission and expenses to 34 per cent., ratios, especially the former, which are eminently satisfactory to the proprietors, while from the policy-holders' point of view it is important to notice that the reserves of the corporation are exceptionally strong.

The recently established Accident department shows a considerable increase in magnitude, the premiums having increased by more than 50 per cent. in the past year. The balance added to the funds after paying claims and expenses amounts to 12 per cent. of the premiums.

The losses and expenses appearing in the Marine account exceed the total paid in premiums by something like £8,000, a sum which approximately disposes of the interests on the Marine funds. With this relatively unimportant exception the report for 1903 shows that the steady progress and success of the corporation is being well maintained.

G. F. WATTS.

(A reminder of some features in his testament.)

SINCE Browning went down with a last challenge to death on his lips none of the imaginative fighters has made so brave an end as Mr. Watts. At forty-six he felt the odds were heavy: "wanting health and many other things" he was not quite the man, he said, to have attempted the fresco at Lincoln's Inn. But he became younger as the years went on, and at eighty-seven he goes out leaving an image of "Physical Energy" too vast to enter one exhibition, and a "Progress" in another surrounded by the aureole of his unchanged liberal faith.

We have lost not only our greatest artist but a great man. The works will occupy us again and again: I shall make no pretence at this moment to deal with them but speak to-day only of some part of the legacy of his conduct and ideas. Watts was a lover of greatness in every form; and that love was reflected in a magnanimous life. His nature must have been fundamentally sweet. Many eminent artists of our time have shown themselves embittered and jealous in old age, with reason enough. He showed nothing of this. It may be argued that Mr. Watts's fortune from the first was so happy that his temper was spared all trial. Yet he too was disappointed in his chief ambition, that of public employment on a large scale. He took his revenge; he gave to the nation, so far as an individual could, what it had refused to commission. His attitude to fellow-artists was as generous. He spoke of contemporaries with none of the grudging of the man who fears that a point allowed to the reputation of others may lower his own. Two examples may be given. "Watts", said Mr. Legros once, when recalling some rather scurvy treatment from other quarters, "always treated me well"; and when a few years ago a subscription was raised to present, thus late in the day, a work by that artist to the National Gallery, Watts was a ready subscriber and the largest. So again, speaking lately of Whistler, a painter whose conception of art differed widely from

his own, he made certain reserves, but emphatically placed the "Mother" among the greatest portraits of the century. He was as ready to see good in the work of the young as in that of his own generation; he never learned to take an official view of merit. In little things as in greater his example was a wholesome one. Thus we may be thankful to him for refusing one of those titles which have so comic an effect when bestowed upon an artist.

His connexion with the Academy came to him unsought. His estimate of its position at the time was not enthusiastic. "Setting aside the question of duty to the public, many changes are necessary to enable it to maintain a comparatively unambitious position. I understand there is a great falling off in the number of students admitted, and the importance of the rank of Academician is exceedingly diminished; young men no longer strive after it with the eagerness that was formerly felt. It is discovered that election into the Royal Academy cannot of itself insure distinction, nor exclusion prevent it. Picture-dealers are willing to undertake the exhibition of pictures upon conditions more favourable to painters than the Academy can offer; and though fashion and a certain rank which the Academy can offer will no doubt always prove a sort of attraction, it is not of a kind to make men take much trouble to belong to the institution."

Watts however became a member, and his election and that of some others strengthened the position of the Academy without affecting its policy. Absorbed as he was in his work, he unfortunately took little part in its affairs, never served on the Council after his first year, and seems to have preferred the Grosvenor and New Gallery as places of exhibition. By his absence from the Council his voice was missing in the affairs of the Chantrey Trust and in the furtherance of reform. But from the evidence he gave before the Commissioners of 1863 we know what his ideas on that subject were, and in the hope that his voice may have some weight with his colleagues and the public I will recall them here.

The questions in which Mr. Watts was most keenly interested were those of education and the encouragement of mural painting. His own experience of the Academy School led him to think that nothing was to be learned there. He recommended the common-sense proceeding, never yet adopted, of appointing a teacher in the schools, recognising that the best artist, even if he could give the time, was not necessarily the best teacher. On full consideration, also, he condemned the visitor system, under which Academicians teach in turn. But above all, he thought the Academy schools should provide opportunities for the practice, by their students, of painting on a large scale. "Had any earnest practical efforts been made by the Royal Academy during the last fifty years, I cannot believe they would have failed to create a great school. It appears to me to be nothing short of a phenomenon that English art should so little express the peculiar qualities of English character and history; the power and solid magnificence of English enterprise is almost entirely without corresponding expression in English art. Looking at what was done before the Royal Academy existed, I cannot see any distinct evidence of important influence to be ascribed to it." As a beginning of better things he made an excellent suggestion, namely, that at the public schools, during the summer vacation, the Academy students should be allowed to execute paintings on the class-room walls. His idea, doubtless, was to interest the boys as well as to exercise the art students. In the first instance, the designs, he pointed out, need not be original; Flaxman's outlines might be enlarged and coloured, or designs might be supplied by leading artists. And if any of the results were unsatisfactory, except as an exercise in large work, they might be obliterated, and the wall used again. Further, he thought the Academy might well employ part of its funds in the purchase of examples of promising work of a grave and monumental kind in its exhibitions. "Popular art can look after itself, and does not need encouragement." The Academy, instead of doing this, has used money intended for another purpose to encourage popular artists.

These are the sensible and liberal views impressed on the Commissioners' so far as education is concerned. To the constitution of the Academy Mr. Watts had evidently not given so much thought, but he noted what has struck every thoughtful critic, the anomalous position of the Associates. These, he thought, ought to be abolished, and one grade only, that of academicianship, exist. Then, as to the Academicians, there were too many of them or too few; too many if the honour is to be a great one, too few if the body is to include all fairly eminent artists. If Mr. Watts had given further attention to the subject, he would have seen that the root of confusion in this business comes from regarding academicianship primarily as an honorific status and from making it accordingly a life-appointment. The control of the Academy, while incidentally an honour, should be regarded as a public duty, and this duty should be placed in the hands not necessarily of the greatest artists, but of the most fair-minded and competent. What is wanted is a working body of men, a board of artists who will organise the schools, arrange the exhibitions and administer the funds, a board responsible to the general body of artists and renewable at intervals by election. Mr. Watts himself brought honour to the Academy, but counted for nothing in its administration. But I return to the scheme suggested in his evidence. The remedy for unfairness and narrow policy which was a favourite with the Commissioners was to appoint a number of lay members, say ten out of a total fifty, and to this scheme Mr. Watts lent some countenance; it may be doubted, however, whether the amateur committee-man would in practice be of much use. Mr. Watts's motive was to find some means of liberalising the management.

To sum up, then. Mr. Watts's views on the questions that are occupying us still, as he expressed them in his evidence before the Commission and in his letter to Lord Elcho were: that the present class of Associates in the Academy should be abolished in favour of a much more generally representative body of artists; and that the views of outsiders should have a voice on the Council. And he wished above all to see the Academy give some direction to study, by inquiring into materials and methods of painting, by encouraging and training pupils in the more arduous kinds of artistic work, by provision of wall space for decoration, and pecuniary help in cases of extraordinary merit. "I insist upon mural painting for three reasons: first, because it is an exercise of art which demands the absolute knowledge only to be obtained by honest study, the value of which no one can doubt, whatever branch of art the student might choose to follow afterwards. Secondly, because the practice would bring out that gravity and nobility deficient in the English school, but not in the English character, and which, being latent, might therefore be brought out; and thirdly, for the sake of action on the public mind. For public improvement it is necessary that works of sterling but simple excellence should be scattered abroad as widely as possible." Here is another passage: "Considering the position which the Royal Academy holds, it has displayed very great apathy. I do not see its influence on our architecture—our street architecture—our fashions, or our taste in general, in any way whatever. The only national school, which has grown up at all, has grown up outside the Academy, and indeed in opposition to it; that is, the water-colour school, and the only definite reform movement (which the pre-Rafaellite school may be called) was certainly not stimulated by the Royal Academy, and even met with opposition from it. . . . A merchant finds means if he wants to improve his commercial arrangements; whatever a man wishes to do he finds a way of doing it more or less satisfactorily. But I do not see that the Royal Academy has done anything whatever." These are the words of a man who during the forty years since they were spoken has never slackened in carrying out, independent of public encouragement, his own share in a tremendous programme, and I think they may be profitably repeated to-day when the Academy is more than ever given over to the popular art "which needs no encouragement".

D. S. MACCOLL.

AN ACTRESS, AND A PLAYWRIGHT.

IT is our instinct to revere old age. In this reverence, if we analyse it, we find two constituent emotions—the emotion of pity, and the emotion of envy. Opposite though they are, both are caused by one thing. It is sad that so brief a span remains, but it must be delightful to have accomplished so long a span. Any moment may be our last. A flash of lightning, a side-slip, a falling brick—always some improvisable chance that may precipitate us into the unknown. And how foolish we should look then—we with so little to our account! Certainly, it is enviable to have accumulated so much as have those elders, and to know, as they know, that no power can steal it away. Romantic awe is stirred in us by the contemplation of anything that has been going on for a long time. Ruins are apt to leave us cold; but any upstanding and habitable old building must touch and warm our imagination. Undeclared by time, any old building, however humble and obscure, becomes for us majestic. But greater, of course, and more haunting, the majesty of an old castle or cathedral. To have towered illustriously through the ages, a centre of significance and pomp, and to be towering thus even now! As with buildings, so with human beings. The romantic quality of an old person is intensified in ratio to the prominence of his or her past and present. There has been in our own time one figure that incomparably illustrated this rule. I am glad to have lived in a time when it was possible to set eyes on the aged Queen Victoria. I can conceive no more romantic thrill than I had whenever, in the last years of her reign, I saw her drive past in that old-fashioned barouche, attended not only by that clattering cavalcade of material guardsmen, but also by the phantoms—not less clearly there—of Melbourne and the Duke, Louis Philippe, Palmerston, Peel, Disraeli the younger—of all those many successive sovereigns, statesmen, soldiers, who were but great misty names to us, yet had been sharp little realities to her, in the interminable pageant of her existence. Strange, to see her with my own eyes—that little old lady, in the queer barouche, on her way to Paddington Station. In Queen Victoria I saw always something of that uncanny symbolism which Mr. Pater saw in the portrait of Monna Lisa. Hers, too, surely, was the head upon which all the ends of the world were come, and the eyelids were a little weary. . . . There is no one now to give me that kind of emotion in like degree; but, certainly, the person most nearly filling the void is Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who has played during the past fortnight at His Majesty's Theatre. Year by year, when she comes among us, my wonder and awe are intensified. Seeing her, a few nights ago, in "La Sorcière", I was more than ever moved by the apparition. The great Sarah—pre-eminently great throughout the past four decades! My imagination roved back to lose itself in the golden haze of the Second Empire. My imagination roved back to reel at the number of plays that had been written, the number of players whose stars had risen and set, the number of theatres that had been built and theatres that had been demolished, since Sarah's début. The theatrical history of more than forty years lay strewn in the train of that bowing and bright-eyed lady. The applause of innumerable thousands of men and women, now laid in their graves, was still echoing around her. And still she was bowing, bright-eyed, to fresh applause. The time would come when our noisy hands would be folded and immobile for ever. But, though we should be beneath the grass, Sarah would still be behind the footlights—be bowing, as graciously as ever, to audiences recruited from the ranks of those who are now babes unborn. A marvellous woman! For all the gamut of her experience, she is still lightly triumphant over time. All this has been to her, as to Monna Lisa, but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the hair. Hers is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are not at all weary. . . .

Such was my first impression, when Sarah reappeared to me in "La Sorcière". But presently I had to qualify it. Superficially, it is quite true that Sarah triumphs,

over time. Her appearance, her voice, her movements are all as ever. But her spirit shows the inevitable signs of wear and tear. Time has succeeded in damping the sacred fire that burnt within her. Gone from her are the passion and sincerity that once held us in thrall. As Phèdre, as Fédora, as any of the characters created by her in her prime, she is as enthralling, doubtless, as in the past, forasmuch as her unimpaired energy and memory enable her to reproduce exactly the effects that she produced then. But when she plays a new part, as in "La Sorcière", you are definitely aware that she is not feeling anything—that she is merely urging herself to the performance of certain tricks. Very perfectly she performs these time-honoured tricks. The lovely voice is always in tune and time, whether it coo or hiss, and the lovely gestures are all in their proper places, and the lovely face is as expressive as ever. But the whole performance is hollow—art without life—a dead thing galvanised. Of course, the play—a play written by the venerable M. Sardou for no purpose but to show Sarah off in the ways in which she likes to be shown off—is itself an utterly dead thing. But there was a time when Sarah could have put life into it. And for her failure to put life into it now we may console ourselves with the implicit revelation that she, too, after all, is mortal, like the rest of us.

Though her genius has been touched thus by Time, all untouched is her love of adventure; and she has given a performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande", with herself as Pelléas, and Mrs. Campbell as Mélisande. I did not see this performance. I love the play too well, and am loth that my memory of it as performed by Mrs. Campbell in her own language, with Mr. Martin Harvey as Pelléas, should be complicated with any memory less pleasing. I am quite willing to assume that Mrs. Campbell speaks French as exquisitely as she speaks English, and that Sarah's Pelléas is not, like her Hamlet and her Duc de Reichstadt, merely lady-like. But the two facts remain that Sarah is a woman and that Mrs. Campbell is an Englishwoman. And by these two facts such a performance is ruled out of the sphere of art into the sphere of sensationalism. If Maeterlinck were a sensationalist, that would not matter.

Two or three years ago I reviewed here a book of short plays by Mr. William Toynbee, whose latest work, a play in four acts, entitled "Necessity Knows No Law", was produced for one performance at the Court Theatre last week. Qualities of grace and wit, for which the short plays were remarkable, distinguish also this full-sized play. I fancy that Mr. Toynbee is more comfortable in dealing with the end of the eighteenth century than with the beginning of the twentieth, which seems to jar on his fastidious taste. But, though he evidently dislikes the present, he has at least studied it. He writes with knowledge of the world—very rare quality in a playwright—and his characters are well-observed types. His play, an ingenious variation on the famous theme which Mr. Meredith used in "Diana of the Crossways", is full of excellent satire. Mr. Toynbee's manner in writing dialogue is rather literary than dramatic: his characters talk more formally than is right in a realistic play. But they do at least talk in a literary way, and not, like the characters to whom we are dreadfully accustomed, in a journalistic way. The epigrams are too good for ordinary human utterance, instead of being, as is usually the case, too bad; and so we accept them with gratitude. The play was well acted by Miss Sarah Brooke, Miss Mabel Beardsley, Miss Katharine Stewart, Mr. C. M. Lowne, and other talented players. It ought certainly to be acted again.

MAX BEERBOHM.

TRAVELLERS IN ARABY.

OUR author, luckily for us and the public, writes with all his prejudices thick upon him, and by so doing has turned out a book worth reading. It is stuffed full of information, and has facsimiles of curious old-world maps, such as that of Ptolemy of Arabia Felix, D'Anville's map of Arabia (1755) and Le Roques' map of Yemen 1716.

In the last we learn that "the island of Zocotora depends upon the kingdom of Fartach" and furthermore perceive that in those days almost as much was known about the Yemen as in the year of grace in which we live. The book is rendered interesting by photographs of the chief travellers who have penetrated that territory "so lean that international trade has little or no concern with it", a circumstance that causes pain or pleasure, according to the point of view from which the reader looks at it. Wallin and Hurgonje, Halévy, Burton, Blunt, Burckhardt, Huber, Doughty and Seetgen, Euting and Palgrave all are there, and nearly all of them in Arab dress, except old Carsten Niebuhr in a bob wig and ruffled shirt. Few portions of the world have had such interesting explorers. Leaving aside Peru and Mexico, and generally the conquest of the Indies, as a whole, and placing Livingstone upon a pedestal apart, nowhere can one find a band more gifted than the explorers I have named. The works of all of them sound like romances or are indeed much more romantic from the fact of being true. The prose of Doughty and of Palgrave, Burton's conceits and proverbs, his love of Arab customs, the insight and the stern good sense of Niebuhr, Burckhardt's keen scholarship and scrupulous respect of detail and of fact, Blunt's knowledge of the horse and his wife's mastery of Arabic, with Wallin's knowledge of the Arab race, and Seetgen's scientific training and his tragic fate make up a literature almost without a rival of its kind.

Such are the best known modern writers on the land that "international trade has no concern with". Perhaps on that account their narratives appeal to us, for had they all been occupied in pushing trade or empires they might have been as dull and as unprofitable to read as most of those who write upon Fraudesia and the like. Ancient and forgotten writers not a few have written on Arabia which seems to have always fascinated adventurous minds, and in this vade mecum all have their niche from Admiral Nearchus down to Ali Bey, "the learned and able Spaniard" as our author calls him, who travelled over the whole Arab world. Strabo and Ptolemy are in his list, with Ælius Gallus Eparch of Egypt, who set sail from Suez and came to Musiaba after six months' marching when only two days distant from the "Incense Land".

"Works written before 1000 A.D." by Arab writers all have their honourable mention in this work, which should excite a generous emulation in our youthful travellers who know Arabic, do not mind thirst and hunger, can ride a camel, lie on the sand, can fast, do not go out to slay and do not care for "international trade". Hamdām, Ibn Hankal, Istakhri, Mukadassi, Ibn Batutah, Abu-l-Fidā, Yakut, and Ibn Khaldun, men known to all, and the transliteration of whose names our author says is done upon a "scientific system made by Mr. Guy Lestrangle" are briefly touched upon, and open up a literature which should prove as profitable and pleasant study as the works of any minor poets, no matter how ingeniously their verse resembles prose. Our thanks are due to the compiler of the book for news of Peter de Conillan (Pero de Conilhã) who in 1487 sent by King John of Portugal called thrice at Aden. We also owe him something for his transliteration of the name, no doubt on scientific principles and copyright. Those who have not read Ludovico di Varthema, the Bolognese adventurer who sixteen years later than Pero de Conilhã went as a pilgrim both to Mecca and Medina, can do so and pretend they knew him all the time.

The itinerary of Suleiman el Ghazi, and that of Luis de Marmol, our author says, are bald, and but a mere enumeration of their daily runs and anchorages, as scanty as to details as an ancient "Periplus". If he includes the "Periplus" of Hanno in his commentary list, reluctantly I must part company with him, for nothing could be fuller in its way, or could have furnished much more food for controversy, in such a little space.

But it is not only of mere writers (a footling race) our author writes. Explorers, ancient and modern, who have gone at risk of life dressed up like Arabs

* "The Penetration of Arabia." By David George Hogarth. London: Lawrence and Bullen. 1904. 7s. 6d. net.

(anche io son pittore), and have their notice—often a "pawky" notice too; for it appears that the *Sal Dorica* of the accomplished editor has filtered to the writer of the book.

Thus we learn that Ali Bey, whose real name was Leblich y Battia, died on the road between the Holy City and Mzerib, and, Spaniard-like, a cross was found under his "vest". This "vest" perhaps was a "caftán"; but anyhow the cross was damnatory, and very properly, from the Mohammedan religious standpoint, he was denied a proper burial, and his body was thrown out as it had been the body of a dog or Nazarene. His papers and effects were stolen, "but in part redeemed" by "Ladi Ester Stanoff," whom we all know, and most of us esteem.

Signor Giovanni Finati, of Ferrara, too, a renegade, wandered about the land (without a note-book) as a soldier in the Paynim hordes, and was at Mecca in 1814, and then, having returned again to his old faith, served as a dragoman to one John William Bankes, and told his life and his adventures to his employer, who incontinently wrote them all down and gave them to the world. But, best of all, one Thomas Keith (of a Kent family, ye ken) became an Agha of the Mamelukes after having been full private in the 72nd Highlanders. He in the Scottish fashion rose to the top, and was appointed Governor of Medina, for which his knowledge of theology no doubt fitted him, for we learn he filled the office well. I, and for a moment I must drop the strict impersonality which in our mystery we affect, would fain have learned if a mysterious fluid, held by us as a "panawcea" in the North, made its appearance, whilst he ruled the place.

But into this our author does not enter, merely observing dreichly "that was the strangest office which a Scot has ever filled". Patriotism makes me give him pause, and tell him to his face, that it was but to be expected, for a Scotch Presbyterian and a follower of El Waháb have much in common, in strictness of belief, in admiration of the sex falsely called feeble, and in general views of life. This noble and adventurous Keith, no doubt a kinsman of the Earl Marischal of Scotland, leaves far behind one Atkins whom Tamisier found in charge of a mere rocket battery in 1834.

The author's references to the Wahábis and their founder are illuminating, and serve as a good 'vantage ground from which to run a tilt at Palgrave, who, shocking to relate, had "hedonistic views of life", and was moreover half a Jew, which naturally makes him almost not worthy credence, though, as he was the only traveller who, at great danger of his life, has hitherto explored some portions of Arabia, I forbear to criticise, till I or some bold Christian of a Puritanic turn of mind have penetrated further into the unknown trinity of dreary sand wastes, rock-strewn steppes, and thirsty Sáhara.

But God bless prejudice! Without it what a colourless and sago-pudding world we should inhabit, for prejudice is oftentimes the salt of literature. Who that could read a man all toleration, even of one's own theories, and not call as did King George IV. of blessed memory, for brandy, with an oath?

Lordings, my task is done, go buy the book, and read of much you do not know. See Wilfred Blunt with hound, and hawk upon his fist, dressed as an Arab sheikh, handsome and "'azel" to the core. Gaze upon Wallin's counterfeit presentment, and then tell me, if you would ever think he came from Finland, or if John Louis Burckhardt possibly could have been born in Basle. Mark the last chapter of the book, and ponder on the fact that much of Araby the blest is still in peace and waits explorers of the Palgrave and the Doughty kind.

Lastly, remember that the reviewer and the author of the book have this in common, that neither of them has been a traveller in the Arabian sands.

Neither has much acquaintance with the inhabitants (*vide* the preface and my affidavit) or with the language, but both have sympathy, I trust.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE CAFÉS OF PARIS.

VI. AND LAST.—IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

SUCH an imaginative, ambitious man, the proprietor of the *Taverne Olympia*! To begin with, he is underground—much, no doubt, to the annoyance of the directors of the amazing *Métropolitain*. Yes, he is many, many feet below the level of the street; and so, a staircase, and so, an artificial light, and so, an elaborate means of ventilation. But that is nothing: the proprietor's most ambitious flight of imagination was when, in surveying his scarcely completed café—some seven years ago, he impressed his friends by crying, "There must be attractions". Perhaps he took to pacing the café for inspiration; for it is a long, long café, and to go from one extremity to the other is something of a walk. No doubt he stopped short all of a sudden and exclaimed triumphantly, "I have it, I have the attraction—a switchback railway!" Anyhow, a few weeks later, a miniature switchback railway in the *Taverne Olympia*, in which Parisians might career about the café for a paltry fee. However, complaints. Parisians who would not switchback protested at the din, and excitedly held forth upon the danger. And there was a din, and perhaps there was danger; and customers declared that it was like being in le tunnel of the *Métropolitain*, and fled the café, and only returned when it was announced that the switchback railway had been suppressed. But the proprietor had cried, "There must be attractions": and so, in the place of the switchback, little lakes, and fountains, and also goldfish, "As in a royal palace", observed the *maitre d'hôtel*. "Impossible to be more elegant and luxurious", declared the waiters. However, tragedies. Into the little lakes plunged the dogs of the customers, and they worried and even swallowed up the goldfish, and in shaking themselves they spoilt the dresses of the lady customers, and when at last they were put upon their chains they barked and snapped and struggled hard to break away for another swim. Consequently the notice, "No dogs allowed". But more, and this time heartrending, tragedies. The goldfish could not stand the atmosphere of the *Olympia* café. Soon, on the surface of the little lakes, the poor dead bodies of once happy goldfish. And customers vowed that it was "cruel" and "inhuman"; and customers also told with crimson faces and staring eyes how they had seen the few live goldfish feed off the bodies of their brothers. Said a bourgeois, "Veritable cannibalism". Cried another, "A sinister spectacle". And again the customers fled the café, but, this time, never to return. A new clientèle, and a very different café. The proprietor, always imaginative and ambitious, had introduced little alcoves for supper-parties and a long American bar. High stools, barmen in white jackets, and cocktails. Genuine negro waiters; always an "attraction". Two *tzigane* orchestras; an increase of electricity; softer carpets, and no "service" during the day. In fine, a brilliant, rackety "night café".

Chairs and tables as well as the American bar, but it is at the bar that the young worldlings most love to gather. Something novel and exciting about being perched high upon a stool, sipping "le cocktail" through a straw. "C'est chic", exclaims a collegian, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. The collegian is eighteen at the most: and, I know it, has got out by fraud. His dear parents imagine him with the family of a college friend (another scapegrace, also on a stool), or possibly suppose him safe in bed. But the collegian has donned his lowest waistcoat and his highest collar, and is "seeing life" in the *Olympia* tavern like any "clubman". Smiles among the barmen, and a smile on the face of the *maitre d'hôtel*; and the collegians are conscious of the smiling, for their expression is stern and haughty when they address the barmen. "I prefer the absinthe cocktail", says Collegian No. 1. "For me", replies Collegian No. 2, "the cocktail of cognac and curaçao is the most appetising". And swing their legs. And puff magnificently at their cigarettes. And turn round on their stools to survey the scene. . . . Midnight; and in the *Taverne Olympia*, Paris qui s'amuse, Paris qui fait la noce. Pale young men, and stout middle-aged men, and superannuated roués in dress suits, with elegant

walking sticks, with eye-glasses. Sauntering up and down, or installed at tables, alone or in couples, ladies in wonderful hats and rich, costly dresses. Here and there, a bourgeois, self-conscious, intimidated by the spectacle. And in the first half of the café, a string band playing the latest valse; and in the second half a tzigane orchestra, in brilliant scarlet uniforms, rattling off an exhilarating cake-walk. Guarding the alcoves, the "smartest" waiters of the Olympia Café. Patiently do they await the arrival of the supper parties; and then, when ladies in astonishing opera cloaks and gentlemen in spotless white waistcoats come laughing into the Olympia, then do the waiters dash forward, and show them into the alcove, and present the menu with a bow, and hurry off with the tablet on which they have jotted down the order. Champagne corks popping, and laughter from the alcoves. Among the ordinary tables, and at the American bar, rumours that amazing celebrities are at supper.

"One says that la belle Otero comes here", excitedly observes Collegian No. 1.

"It is the rendezvous of actresses and demi-mondaines", replies, with a wave of his cigarette, Collegian No. 2.

Whispering among the ladies with the wonderful hats. "It is true that Otero is here?" "Has she her diamonds?" "Is she accompanied by the Prince?" Since they occupy the aisle a superannuated roué addresses them with a leer, "Mes enfants, please allow an old gentleman to pass". And the ladies make way for the roué—but not without proclaiming him the youngest of the young, and the handsomest of the handsome, and the most sympathetic of the sympathetic. Emotion over the entrance of a well-known jockey: who is smiled upon by the ladies, who is regarded respectfully by the worldlings. "Here is someone", observes a lady, "who could make us win a fortune to-morrow". But the jockey ignores his admirers: has a drink with a friend, and swaggers out, nodding condescendingly to the barmen. Now do the ladies mount the stools, and sip cocktails, and exchange pleasantries with the worldlings. And now do the collegians listen most attentively to the witticisms, and even laugh their approval. The collegians would be noticed, the collegians would also have a chance of being witty. But alas! little collegians, you are ignored, you are even snubbed. Says a beautiful golden-haired lady, "Mais regardes donc ces gosses!" And laughs and laughs, and bids the collegians go home—so that the collegians blush and, pretending the utmost indifference and disdain, severely order another cocktail. . . . Is it true that la belle Otero has consented to dance before the Prince X—and his guests? So say the ladies in the wonderful hats, as they meet one another in their perambulations up and down the café. Anyhow, the tzigane orchestra is playing Otero dances; and the ladies and worldlings hum the melody, and the liveliest worldlings accompany it by rapping glasses and champagne bottles on the table. A worldling surrounded by six ladies, who chaff him. A bourgeois tormented, and who flies. And now—way for this funny, funny American who, when the band strikes up "Down South", comes cake-walking down the Olympia café. His friends encourage him by howling the tune and shouting, "Good for you, Billy", and, "Take care you don't break in half", and, when the band finishes with a crash, "Encore des cake-walks". Up to the tzigane goes "Billy", and thickly does "Bill" request them to play cake-walks all "the blooming night". Cries a lady, "Non, une valse". And the valse forthcoming, she and a friend proceed affectedly to dance. Many ladies valseing; and the worldlings cheering, and the waiters and maîtres d'hôtel looking on with a grin on their clean-shaven faces. Peals of laughter from the supper-parties. A quarrel in the American bar, which is suppressed sternly by the manager. A tray of champagne glasses overturned, and the glasses shattered to atoms on the floor. "Encore des cake-walks" from the Americans. And quietly passing before the flushed, dishevelled revellers, a fresh-looking woman with a huge basket of fragrant, radiant flowers.

"Des fleurs, Mesdames; des fleurs, Messieurs?" asks the flower-woman melodiously and pleasantly.

Little collegians, it is high time you should go: for, little collegians, the cocktails have got into your heads; and you talk of viewing the supper-parties to see whether Mdlle. Otero is really there, and you also consult together to decide whether your combined moneys would pay for a bottle of champagne. Thank heaven, they won't! No champagne for you, little collegians; and, from your alarmed expression, I take it that you must even forego another cocktail. However, the collegians remain on their stools and, with tired eyes, continue to survey the scene. And they see young men, elderly men, and superannuated men gesticulating and dancing; and they see young women and mature women waltzing and drinking and rousing themselves openly before the glass, and also inviting themselves to tables and again undoing ties and knocking off hats; and they see (in spite of the electric fans) a cloud of smoke in the air, and flowers and cigar ash and ice-pails and overturned glasses on the tables, and gloves and matches and broken glass and cigarette ends on the floor. See, moreover, the waiters and maîtres d'hôtel yawning; see a tired, bored expression on the faces of the tziganeists; see, at last, the great commissionaire constantly appearing with the information that the carriage or cab is there.

Off their stools almost tumble the collegians: down the hot, brilliant bar go two little collegians, tired, pale, headachey, towards the door. And it is only with a great effort that they pull open the door, and it is none too steadily that they ascend the stairs. And so, good-night, or rather, good-morning, little collegians; and may your awakening not be too terrible, too awful.

Dawn on the grands boulevards, and the grands boulevards being flooded with cool, sparkling water. Carriages and cabs; and standing by them, the commissionaire. And suddenly, on the deserted, silent boulevards, a din. Out into the morning air come the worldlings and the ladies, whispering, quarrelling, and singing; and by no means a pleasant sight are the worldlings and the ladies in this fresh morning air.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

THE 'VARSITY CRICKET MATCH.

MOST people who were at Lord's at midday last Thursday week were probably of the opinion that Oxford's chances of winning the 'Varsity match were at least three to one. Concentration of interest always makes for positiveness of judgment; and prophecies about the result of the 'Varsity match or Eton and Harrow are generally marked by a definiteness almost unknown in county cricket. And this, logically regarded, is all the stranger, in that the factors in a big county match are far more easily calculable than in a 'Varsity match where comparatively little is known of the quality of either side. So little does exact knowledge count where interest is keenly aroused. Judged on performances alone there was little to mark either side as strikingly superior. Cambridge could show three wins and no fewer than seven defeats; Oxford two wins, three defeats, and three drawn games, none of the last being particularly to their advantage. Both sides, we think, were above the average in bowling; barely up to the average in batting and fielding. The strong consensus of opinion in favour of Oxford was due to their having two players of high reputation in Messrs. Evans and Raphael, and to the inclusion in the side of seven old Blues as against four at Cambridge. That these were appreciable advantages we freely admit; but in cricket they may only too easily remain in the region of potentiality; and the results of the match prove once more that neither past reputations nor individual brilliancy can be relied upon to neutralise the inherent uncertainty of the game. On one factor, indeed, friends of Oxford might reasonably have counted with confidence. This was Mr. Evans' bowling. His performance of last year—in many ways the best since the days of Mr. Woods—warranted the hope that Oxford "had again found a man"; and as a bowler's value in any match is necessarily of a more permanent quality than that of a batsman, it seemed more than likely that his presence if supported, as there was every reason to

expect, by batting equal to that of Cambridge would be decisive. Mr. Evans in his last year's form was worth many runs to his side on any wicket; and had he bowled up to his reputation we have no hesitation in saying that Cambridge, instead of getting 600 runs, would have had a good deal of difficulty in getting 400. However, the Oxford Captain, whether because he has really fallen off, or whether, as we are inclined to think, he has not done sufficient work in this department of the game during the trial matches, proved comparatively ineffective; and the end of the first day's play left Cambridge in a good position, which a little more luck in the last half-hour might easily have made overwhelmingly strong.

Although Thursday was unmarked by any performance of extraordinary merit, several of the men did very well; the out-cricket, considering the excellence of the ground, being on the whole better than the batting. Mr. Mann's useful innings was a little lucky; Mr. Keigwin's valuable 36 was somewhat trying to the spectators: Messrs. McDonell and Wilson alone played a fine attractive game; the latter losing his wicket by a weak stroke just as he seemed certain of a big score. All the three Oxford batsmen who got out before the drawing of stumps started well and ended disappointingly; though Mr. Awdry fell honourably to a brilliant piece of fielding on the part of Mr. McDonell. With three wickets down for 46 a collapse seemed imminent, but at the crisis Messrs. Evans and Branston played finely and considerably improved the position of their side. The best part of the play was the bowling of Mr. Martin for Oxford and Mr. Napier for Cambridge. The former stuck to his work excellently, and though still a little inclined to overdo the off ball came out with an excellent record. The latter, also an off theorist, is a bowler who is likely to be heard of again. He kept a capital length, changed his pace well, and bowling with a high action made the ball go away and get up quickly and straight. None of the batsmen seemed quite at home with him, and all at one time or another made dangerous strokes off him in the slips. Of the rest Messrs. von Ernsthausen and Burn were effective and steady; and Mr. Hopley, though not a bowler of any class, bowled straight and fast. The fielding was fair; the wicket-keeping on both sides distinctly good.

The turning point of the game came next morning when on a perfectly sound pitch Oxford lost their seven remaining wickets for an addition of only 65 runs, out of which Mr. Evans scored 44. There is no explanation for this collapse except that of sheer bad batting. Messrs. McDonell and Napier no doubt bowled very well, but the defence was feeble in the extreme. The only redeeming feature was the beautiful innings of the Oxford captain who played throughout with the mastery and power which mark the first-class batsman. Cambridge went in with a lead of 104, and from that point played a winning game. Their batting however was very uneven, and it was principally due to two men that at the end of the day they were 350 runs ahead with three wickets to fall. Mr. von Ernsthausen bowled excellently and was well supported by Mr. Martin. Mr. Burn did not get a wicket, and Mr. Evans was again most disappointing. At the drawing of stumps Mr. Marsh was not out 103, after playing a thoroughly sound innings. His hitting was effective and he stopped a number of good balls; indeed the defensive value of his play was more marked than its offensive power. Mr. Fry played capital cricket for 57. The Oxford fielding remained good to the end.

Rain had fallen more than once on the Friday, and with the weather uncertain it was to be expected that Mr. Wilson would declare his innings early. However for some reason—in default of any other we must accept the view that he deferred the closure in order to give Mr. Marsh time to score a record—he delayed doing so until half-past twelve, when Cambridge were nearly 500 runs on. Mr. Marsh carried his bat for a record innings of 172, made in over five and a half hours. It was a splendid performance; but the satisfaction of the batsman must have been diminished by the thought that the match ended in a draw. Mr. Hopley hit with great power, scoring 54 in

three-quarters of an hour. With no chance of winning Oxford started to play for a draw at a quarter to one. Messrs. Raphael and Awdry batted excellently; but in the middle of the afternoon several wickets fell and in spite of Mr. Evans' fine batting six men were out at ten minutes to five for 128, four of them falling to Mr. McDonell who again bowled finely. At that time Oxford's defeat seemed certain; but Mr. Bird joined his captain and the score was taken to 151 before rain stopped play for twenty minutes. Loss of time and a wet ball favoured the in-side, but both batsmen should have been out, for Mr. Evans was twice missed at mid-off and Mr. Bird once in the slips. Both men however played with great pluck and determination, and kept up their wickets until time was called. Mr. Evans had again proved himself the finest batsman in the match; and the fact that he had twice saved his side from disaster must have been some consolation to him for his failure in bowling. Great credit is due to Mr. Bird for his stubborn defence. At the close Oxford were 273 behind with four wickets to fall.

On the play Cambridge were undoubtedly the better side. That they failed to win was mainly their own fault. Had their innings been declared a hundred runs sooner another hour would have been gained and the chances of a definite issue greatly enhanced. If, as has been maintained, the delay was due to the wish to break a record, we can only regret that such a motive should have had weight with the Cambridge captain. We do not suggest that it was his only one, or that he deliberately risked his chance of victory for the sake of an individual. But that any such consideration should have had influence in the Varsity match shows how seriously the modern craze for numerical aggregates operates against the best interests of the game. It is to the Varsity match above all others that we naturally look for the vindication of the principle that the result is all-important, and that individual performances are only praiseworthy so long as they contribute to the victory of their side. The innings of Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell and Mr. G. O. Smith will be remembered, and rightly remembered, long after those of modern century-mongers have been forgotten.

THE MOWER'S SCYTHE.

THE mowing-machine, having finished in due course the cutting of the smaller fields, the Alder-Legs, Ox-Pasture and Tanner's Mead, jolts and lurches into the Twelve-Acre, the last and largest piece of hay-grass on the farm, meaning to lay in swathe before nightfall, if no mishap betide, as much as once cost two good scythe-men the better part of a week. If anything is to hinder, it will be some fault in the machine's anatomy, a split pin jarred out or a screw stripped; there is nothing in the state either of the grass or of the weather to offer any delay. The meadow shows the green bronze of just-ripe herbage, the fine transparent colour made by the brown seed-heads veiling the lush bottom. The long slope is bright with buttercup, ragged-Robin, and rusty sorrel, gayer to the eye than to the moralising mind; and rolls in ceaseless waves like a sea under the rushing south-west gale, breaking into foam along the shore where the tossing oxeyes and hemlock line the hedge. The clouds are "high" enough and "hard" enough to fulfil the country prognostic of fine weather; the sun rarely breaks through the shifting masses or the canopy of fine-spun vapour under which they sail, but fills the whole sky with a diffused fire, too broad and bright for the eyes without the shading hand, and pours an almost shadowless daylight on the fields.

The mower, gay from the works in blue and scarlet paint, the gold leaf still fresh on the lettering of its patents and prize medals, receives the last touches with oiler and cotton waste due to the new toy. But before the clicking knives can cut the first lane through the grass, the way must be prepared for them by an older tool. Just as the machine gets under weigh, an old man who has cleared a width all round the hedge-sides with the scythe, reaches the gateway where he began somewhere in the small hours, and stops to watch his successor at work. Small and bent and brown, hardly a day older, it seems, in all the forty years the parish

has known him, every hay-time old Abram Branch appears from somewhere "along up'ards"—he seldom owns a more precise domicile than that—with a kettle, a few belongings in a sack over one shoulder and his treasured scythe, its edge guarded with its carefully grooved and warped hazel rod, over the other—and resumes his ancient trade. The glory of the scythe departed, the skilled mower ceased hereabouts some twenty years ago: the great days of Herculean work and commensurate beer are over. But there is still a remnant; the old craft still holds, and perhaps will hold without further loss, the lower place to which it has fallen. There is always the strip to be cleared for the machine's first sally; there are rough and uneven pieces where the rigid cutter cannot go, to call for the more adaptable tool. Old Branch, after he has mowed the avenue round the twelve-acre, has the next field all to himself, a two-acre corner between coverts, whose rough brows and wet hollows would capsize the machine if it ventured upon them. "They got to come to me, ye see", says Abram, as he lights his pipe and sets about sharpening his blade for the thistles and rushes, looking a little wistfully, perhaps, at the even depth of the grass, with its thick moist bottom, which is not for him. He watches the machine as it comes whirring down the slope, and as he moves off to his own province repeats with a jerk of the head towards the supplanter: "Pieces where he can't go, they wants the scythe to 'em; and then they got to come to me."

On the whole, it is perhaps better to follow the craftsman to his waste corner and to watch the method of the past rather than that of to-day. There will be time enough this next fifty years to observe the development of mechanism ever reducing the human element in labour to lower terms; the motor-mower will presently demand attention in ways not to be ignored: but the chances of watching the survival of a vanishing art, the height of an accumulated tradition of skill, that dies without an heir to-morrow, grows less and less as each hay-time comes round. Under the edge of the slope and away to the windward, the restless burr of the link and pinions is scarcely heard; what we hear is the "sound to rout the brood of cares," the crisp rustle and swish of the steel through the standing grass, an even pulse of sound, both in rhythm and in tone after Nature's pattern, in tune with the sounds of winds and waters; and yet, with its pause and ictus, a thing of art in its own way as complete and elaborate as a hexameter. And for the eye's pleasure there is the balanced sway and turn of the body, the shifting of the light on the muscles of the sunburnt arms, the easy grace of the man's knack, almost without effort it seems to the onlooker here under the dog-rose hedge. But the grass is rank and wiry; and every time that the swathe is finished at the hedge-side, and sometimes before it is half done, the scythe must be sharpened. There is a trick not to be picked up in a day, in the handling of the stone; and the choice of it, the matching of its grain and hardness to the temper of the steel, is a gift of experience. Old Abram touches up his blade delicately, as though he loved it. Its edge is worn down in a wavy line to within an inch or so of the rib at the back; it is a very old blade, he tells us: you can't get new metal like that now. The handle of his scythe, worm-eaten as all old hazel is, and visibly "tender" at the head, is also a survival from more careful days, its curves and turns full and ample: the new shafts which hang outside the country ironmongers' windows when hay-time comes round approach more and more to the slovenly simplicity of the straight line. Knowledge such as this, and some understanding of the varied "hang" of the blade and its angle with the shaft, the several qualities of rivetted and cast backs, the way to measure off the places for the two grips by the length of the mower's stride taken to the point of the blade, one may learn from Abram as he rests a minute between sharpening up and starting again on the new swathe across the field. But to know the beauty of the tool one must learn to handle it, to master the way in which the stroke runs, circling in the curve of the blade, but dragged a little at the finish; one must acquire the instinctive hitting-off of the distance between the edge and the ground,

according to the condition and quality of the grass; and the way to make the point and the heel do their proper work in the stroke. There is a degree in a man's skill when the standing grass, rustling above its dew-drenched bottom, calls to the mower much as the south-west ripple across the stream calls to the fly-fisher, and when the habit and mastery of the scythe are a pleasure certainly comparable to that in the control of the rod. There are not wanting mishaps to help out the parallel: the hidden mole-hill to catch the point of the blade, the bit of stone in the grass which tinkles along the steel and takes off all the edge at a stroke are comparable to the alder-twig, the knot on the flowering rush, which wait for the angler's backward cast. It is the simplicity of the scythe, the product, perfected and fixed, of ages of development, and its adaptableness to varying conditions, that make it an artist's instrument. "He", says old Branch, nodding towards the engine droning in the next field, "he's terrified by they emmet-heaps; and if he comes to a dick or a stump, he's done. Why, us mowers, we can cut right round a partridge-nest and never set her off". This, maybe, is a flourish, fellow to the classic ploughman's boast that he could draw his furrow straight enough to put out a worm's eye; but it contains the truth.

Once more hear old Abram's criticism: "I call this work; makes a man o' ye, I reckon. . . . But sittin' all day like that chap over there, all of a heap on a seat that shakes the in'ards out o' ye, and just sayin' 'Come up!' and 'Git back! —'" The aposiopesis is eloquent; he puts back the rubber in the sling and bends to his swathe again. What shall we say to him, the next time he works his way back to the hedge-side, wipes the sweat out of his eyes and stands a minute to take the stiffness from his back? Shall we reprove his barbarous economics, vindicate the gifts of science and the march of Mind, tell him that the old threat of *ἡμενος ἀμφοτέρω* is blessedly fulfilled in that jolted figure perched on the machine? Or shall we leave him in solitary enjoyment of his theory that every tool has two ends, one working on the matter, the other on the man? Shall we not be indulgent to the myth his faith implies, that somewhere in the tract between the helpless childhood of the world and its old age, a race of grown men, understanding by heaven-sent vision precisely how far labour may be saved, forged the crooked scythe he wields so well?

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE ON
SIR JOHN MOORE.

We have said we thought it a pity that instead of confining himself to a history of the Peninsular War, leaving it to educated military opinion to form its own conclusions on Sir John Moore's strategy and tactics, Mr. Oman should have taken upon himself the rôles of "Director of Military Operations and Military Training" and given amateur dissertations on the conduct of rearguards in action. To these functions, totally uncalled for in a professor of history, he now seeks to add other high military rôles, viz. those of "Director of Transport and Remounts" and also of "Supplies". It is indeed hard to realise how, when and where Mr. Oman can have acquired his knowledge of the whole art military which these necessarily involve: certainly he has not acquired it from any experience of dealing with its complex problems in the field. His lightly thrown out suggestions of how Moore might have subsisted his army and halted and fought battles, when Moore himself expressly writes "It is not my wish to fight a battle". . . . "That is not our game", are obviously mere theories and need not be discussed further.

Once again, Moore had to deal with the stupendous task of withdrawing a very inferior force in face of a far more powerful and better organised foe through a peculiarly difficult country in terrible weather. His junior staff, upon whom all the intricate workings of such an operation naturally fell, were at this period of the war notoriously inexperienced and inefficient, and his hastily formed army contained certain portions

which sorely lacked both war training and discipline. All along, he clearly foresaw his difficulties, for writing before he retreated he says "If once I enter the mountains, I fear want of subsistence will compel me to go to the coast". Whatever apparent reasons there may have been for the criticisms of Mr. Oman on Moore when he wrote his first volume on the Corunna campaign over two years ago, the recent publication of Sir John Moore's Diaries by Sir Frederick Maurice has afforded him ample opportunity to correct and modify these criticisms, with no loss of dignity to himself. This unfortunately he declines to do; we regard it as unfortunate, both for himself and the public, since the inevitable result will be that his history, in many respects admirable, unless he sees fit to modify his uncalculated criticisms on Moore, will have to be read with large reservations. The difference between being an able writer on military history and an educated soldier is well shown in Mr. Oman's concluding paragraph. This latter might possibly be viewed as a telling retort to our note of last week, if made before a debating society, but is absurd to those who have had practical experience of organising, clothing, arming and moving masses of men and material in war. For so far from Moore being "three days too soon" at Corunna, it was exactly during these three days (11-14 January) that he was able to perform the various vitally important army services in connexion with the reorganisation and rearmament of his forces and their restoration to the condition of a proper fighting machine, which Mr. Oman has so well described and which we quoted last week. The arms, ammunition, clothing, &c., were obtained from his base, the arsenal at Corunna, not as Mr. Oman ingeniously infers, from the storm-tossed transports struggling round Cape Finisterre from Vigo. Having thus restored his force to fighting trim he had one day clear (the 15th) to embark his sick and wounded and such of his guns as he elected to dispense with. Had he only arrived at Corunna on the 14th, there would have been no time thus to reorganise his forces, as he undoubtedly did. How effectively this was accomplished, thanks to the three days thus gained, the victory of Corunna affords convincing proof.

ED. S. R.

CANADA AND BRITISH DIPLOMACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Toronto, Canada, 14 June, 1904.

SIR,—In your issue of 4 June you print a letter from his honour Judge Hodgins on the right of Canada to make her own treaties. In his historical summary the learned judge is not entirely free from bias and shows considerable anxiety to prove the truth of the assertion that "British diplomacy has cost Canada dear". It is flattering to Canada but historically unwarrantable to assume that the chance of future expansion of the small colony of a century ago known as Canada should have had any influence whatever in shaping British policy as to other colonial possessions in the west or north-west of North America. The conditions of that period alone should be looked at, and if Judge Hodgins were to study the history of England in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, and not the history of what he falsely calls Canada, he might see good reasons for much that excites his indignation now. Moreover the negotiations which he successively mentions were not such simple surrenders of territory as he would have us believe. The determination of the boundary between Maine and Quebec for instance, settled by the Ashburton Treaty, did not hinge upon the production of Franklin's map, but was a logical deduction from the wording of the treaty of 1783, the full import of which neither British nor American commissioners understood at the time it was made. Why does Judge Hodgins omit to mention the antecedent negotiations as to the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine, in which the British contention was made good? If it does not fit in with his line of argument he might at least have given it to us in a foot-note for the sake of historical completeness. Again, on the question of the Oregon territory there is quite another aspect than that

which Judge Hodgins presents. He appears indeed to be imperfectly acquainted with the map of Canada or he could hardly say that the British "yielded" to the American cry of "54°40' or fight". The actual international boundary happens to be the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, a trifling matter of 350 miles or so south of 54°40', and this boundary is due to British diplomatic firmness.

All this however is but the prelude to the Judge's great theme, the iniquity of the Alaska award. Most of us in Canada are heartily tired of the subject by this time, and are disposed to think that profitable discussion of it has come to an end. Moreover, like Judge Hodgins' other instances, it does not appear now to be all surrender. But whether an advantageous or a disadvantageous settlement of a difficult question, it is quite certain that so-called rules of international law, which the tribunal early in the day decided to be inapplicable to determination of the boundary in opposition to distinct treaty stipulations, are not valid reasons for terming the award "illegal".

If Judge Hodgins' historical instances prove anything in regard to treaties affecting Canadian territory, they prove that her North American possessions have been a very undesirable clog to Great Britain in her negotiations with foreign Powers, and that the ultimate union of the colonies constituting the Dominion as we have it now must have been in contemplation and preparation by British statesmen long before it was accomplished. A very obvious deduction from the same series of historical instances is that without the power of Great Britain to sustain the claims and preserve the integrity of Canada, the whole country, either at one mouthful, as suggested in 1783, or by a succession of gulps, would long ago have been swallowed by the United States. British diplomacy therefore, backed by British might, may be said to have preserved Canada alive to this day.

Yours faithfully,
A CANADIAN BARRISTER.

BIGNESS IN INSURANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dundee, 30 June, 1904.

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. Philip Kent's letters in your issues of 18th and 25th inst.

Mr. Kent states that it was in consequence of figures given in the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S. prospectus of 1884 (a copy of which I have before me as I write) that he was induced to take out his policy. No doubt the "estimates" there given are most tempting, but are mild when compared with the "estimates" published by the same office in the prospectus of 1873, a copy of which I also have and from which I give the following figures relating to a £1,000 policy on a life age forty-five.

The introduction to this wonderful (1873) scheme is "The Tontine Savings Fund Policy introduced by the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S. a novel adaptation of the Tontine system".

Then follow the "Estimates on twenty years' plan".

For the purpose of comparison I give the figures of the 1873 and 1884 prospectuses.

	Prospectus 1873.			Prospectus 1884.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1. Cash value of policy ...	1,667	0	0	1,190	0	0
2. Equivalent in paid-up policy ...	2,670	0	0	1,810	0	0
3. Cash value of surplus ...	1,254	2	0	777	1	10
4. Surplus net income...	135	4	10	67	13	5

It would be interesting to know the actual experience of any policy-holder who effected a policy on the strength of the 1873 estimates.

The figures of 1873 when compared with those of 1884 show how the "Estimates" of one American office have fallen in eleven years. How far they have fallen since 1884 not a few know to their cost. How far they may yet fall remains to be seen.

Yours faithfully,
WM. SIMPSON.

THE SALVATIONISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

117 Beulah Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey,
2 July, 1904.

SIR,—I have been very pleased to read in to-day's "Evening News" about a certain article just published in your paper re the Salvation Army, and wish to give you some information. I speak from experience. I was introduced to the Salvation Army by a friend, who used to attend their meetings at Regent Hall, Oxford Street. My friend believed that I could have been led to a better life than I had been leading at that time. The Salvation Army promised to take up my case, simply by sending me to one of their shelters, where I was provided for about fourteen days with food and shelter. This of course sounds very liberal, but it was done merely on account of the introduction. My friend used to know my parents, who are well off, and mentioning this, the Salvation Army offered with pleasure this mentioned board and lodging. When they saw that my people did not move, they told me one night, when coming to the shelter to have my bed as usual, that they could not do any more. When I even offered to go to their homes and to work for my living, they simply said that every home is already full up and plenty people already waiting for vacant places. I was this day penniless and had to stop in the streets. This is one specimen of the Salvation Army's charity.

Now about the shelters. Nobody can get food nor bed without paying:—beds 4d., food 1d. or 2d., but if you want to have something substantial you have to spend 4d. for every meal. I met there a lot of people who went out in the morning and came back at night. They simply went out begging, to have the coppers they wanted for bed and food. The Salvation Army don't care what the people do during the day so long as they have their shelters full up and get their money for their dirty beds and food, in which bed perhaps two dozen men have slept before. Now you can reckon up, if you spend for seven nights, 4d. each that means 28. 4d., and for 3s. you can have in any other place during the week a bed in which nobody else was sleeping before. This is also charity of the Salvation Army. On Sundays the people are pushed in the streets at 10.30 A.M. and the shelter is shut up until 6 P.M. In the meantime the customers of the Salvation Army, having no home nor friends, can naturally not walk in the streets, but go in the public-houses, and spend there their Sundays. This is called saving the soul.

Had I even found a home in one of the Salvation Army shelters I might be now without even a pair of trousers, because what you get, if you work for the Salvation Army, is simply food and lodging.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

P. HENRY LINDNER.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

78 Gildabrook Road, Eccles, 4 July, 1904.

SIR,—May I in the first place thank Mr. Houghton for his appreciative reference to the Cambridge Day Training College to which I owe a great deal?

When I said that the teacher did his best work in obscurity I had in mind the honourable obscurity enjoyed by public servants like medical officers of health who are trusted to perform their duties conscientiously but in their own way.

I fear there must always be unemployed at times of commercial depression; and any extension of actual handicraft teaching would, I think, only accentuate the evil by producing disproportionate numbers of men able to follow one trade only, and therefore all the more easily thrown out of work; if the State decides a boy's calling, it is morally bound to provide him as a man with suitable work.

The man who is least influenced by economic disturbances is the "handy man", and we could, I believe, make our school children a good deal handier than they now are. Elementary education is at present in a state of ferment, but when the new wine has burst the old

bottles I fully believe that more natural and rational methods of teaching will prevail.

The instruments of education a child needs are the powers of reading writing and drawing; but these powers should be so exercised that at fourteen a child should be able not only to "read" but to understand and to some extent criticise what he reads; not only to "write" and "draw" but to do so "out of his own head".

For the rest I should be loth to say what actual information a child ought to possess on leaving school, except of course a knowledge of the laws of health and of domestic science, since housekeeping is a universal occupation and of vital importance to men as well as women. Beyond this I think the teacher should act merely as the head of an intelligence department, directing researches to be carried on in school, playground, home and street by his pupils. Each child would be "on his own" and the school would be merely the receiving house, and co-ordinator of results; the critic and exchange of methods. Children working thus should become keen, self-reliant and resourceful, ashamed to say they have "never been taught" how to do this that or the other; no more anxious to enter an office on leaving than a boy in school is anxious to do paper work instead of wood work. The necessity for exactness in making and recording investigations—such for instance as the measurement somehow or other of the distance between school and home, or the examination in detail of a bicycle—would lead to the evolution of just the geometry and arithmetic required and an instrument so obviously useful could be perfected in class on theoretical lines without any loss of interest or sense of reality on the part of the investigators. But such work might well yield no immediate and visible result and teachers might be tempted to spoil all by doing for the children what the children ought to be left to do for themselves "just to have something to show". They should on the contrary be, like Moltke, silent in several languages; possessed of great powers and resourcefulness; above all, of the crowning power of self-repression.

As regards physical education it should not be beyond an authority which controls at once the schools and the trams of an area to take school children for at least one half day a week on to the outlying commons for compulsory games as they are already taken to the baths for swimming.

I remain, yours faithfully, FRANK J. ADKINS.

WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

45 Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

SIR,—I venture to think that your readers may be interested to hear of the registry and apprenticeship work done by the Women's University Settlement of which Miss Helen Gladstone is the warden. The settlement aims at putting apprenticeship within the reach of those children who are naturally fitted for skilled trades, but whose parents would be unable to pay down a lump sum for a premium or to forego their children's wages entirely. The money for premiums is lent and is being repaid regularly in weekly instalments from the apprentices' wages. Thirty-four boys and forty girls have been started in trades and are at present under the settlement's supervision, and encouraged wherever possible to attend technical classes. Much chronic poverty is due in the first instance to mistaken and short-sighted choice of occupation in early youth, and to the failure to master the craft chosen. For respectable able-bodied men and youths for whose labour there is no demand in the crowded town, an attempt is being made to find permanent work on the land, and all are helped to find employment whose difficulty in finding it for themselves arises from physical infirmities and not from lack of industry, or other faults of character. The work cannot be continued without funds and a sum of about a thousand pounds is needed to allow it to be carried on unchecked. Any contributions will be gratefully received by the warden or the hon. sec.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

M. K. BRADBY, Hon. Sec. Registry and
Apprenticeship Committee.

REVIEWS.

THE SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHER.

"An Autobiography." By Herbert Spencer. 2 vols. London: Williams and Norgate. 1904. 28s. net.

THERE were synthetic philosophers before Herbert Spencer—every philosopher of renown has been a system-builder—but for England and Europe for the last thirty years, Spencer's synthetic philosophy has been the most notable attempt at the unification of man's thought about the universe. There was room for him on new lines because the idea of evolution was becoming more than a metaphysical theory, and was appearing tentatively as a working hypothesis in the researches and speculations of the inorganic and organic sciences. The representatives of the special sciences were hesitating about it, disputing it, but Spencer who was not an expert in any of them, but a born theoriser and generaliser, was the first to accept it without reserve and to make it the basis of a general system of philosophy. After many discursive essays on a variety of topics which he treated from the point of view of his adopted principle he was drawn by the fascination of his subject to devote his life from middle to old age to its exposition as a universal system of philosophy; and it was as the creator of what ultimately became so vast a synthesis of thought that he acquired his fame, his interest and his importance amongst his own countrymen and in Europe and America. With the publication of Darwin and Wallace's theory of Natural Selection applied to the origin and development of species the stage of Spencer's acceptance and recognition began; and in proportion as Darwinism obtained favour, so the wider generalisations of Spencer influenced thought on all the topics of science and life. Gradually that public who are not competent to the criticism of a philosophy began to understand that the philosopher himself had exhibited in his career personal characteristics which it needs no philosophical training to appreciate and admire.

There spread some general notion of the vastness of the undertaking which Spencer had planned and carried on for many years with small pecuniary resources, and under the still greater disadvantages of constant invalidity. Philosophers or not we can all admire pluck, indomitable perseverance, persistence in what a man considers it worth while to throw energy into, work done from a sense of duty with little prospect of reward, and with little hope of fame, though fame may be desired. In many respects he was seen to be the embodiment of qualities, peculiarities, characteristics, angularities, contradictions, which Englishmen are far from being displeased to consider the natural elements of an Englishman's composition. Before the last years had arrived when the Autobiography had become the only work for which strength remained, he had won something of popularity amongst classes to whom his philosophical work was caviare. His "Study of Sociology" had been read by thousands who had little acquaintance otherwise with his books. His views on education had seemed amusing to many, being the reflections of a bachelor who himself had no children on how the children of others should be educated—an obvious invitation to facetiousness. He had made many severe attacks on socialistic ideas and the interference of Governments, and his individualism had often broken out fiercely against popular measures that were known to be advocated by many of his disciples—a piquant contrast. Henry George had attacked him because he believed the philosopher had betrayed the cause of land nationalisation for which George had found support in Spencer's own books. He was known to the Liberationist Society, and was one of the founders of the London Ratepayers' Defence Association; he was charged with relaxation of his principles in proportion as he increased his acquaintance with dukes. Mr. Grant Allen has recorded his indignation that the policeman on his beat passed Spencer's lodgings without knowing that the man lived there with the greatest brain ever placed in a human skull. Foreigners reproached us at the time of Spencer's death with being indifferent to his passing away; apparently because

the editors of evening newspapers did not put on weepers. But in fact the number of Englishmen who knew of Herbert Spencer by name or otherwise when the memoirs appeared was quite appreciable; and if there are comparatively few who will be sufficiently versed in the Spencerian philosophy and erudition to read with unqualified interest what he has to say in the Autobiography of the inception, progress, development and changes of his philosophical and scientific views, there need be no limit to the number who may find intense pleasure in it as a record of a remarkable and original personality.

It is somewhat unfortunate that these volumes rival the synthetic philosophy itself in mass. There are well over eleven hundred pages, and for them the synthetic philosophy is mainly responsible. Spencer's intellectual massiveness led him to do everything on the large scale; and this Autobiography is really a synthetic philosophy of himself; as though he were the universe. The reviewer of the Autobiography is in much the position of the reviewers of whom Spencer complains good-naturedly when his first volumes of the Synthetic Philosophy appeared. Evidently there was hardly room in an ordinary periodical for so serious a treatment as their size seemed to require. One noted organ of criticism remarked: "As this is the first part we must wait till the others appear"; and when this happened it was appalled at having to fulfil the implied promise and took refuge in silence. Spencer himself in the Autobiography writes several admirable reviews saying what he thinks ought to have been said, at the time. The originality of the volume is evident. Spencer treats himself as a product of family evolution; and though the dissection of a man's father and mother and grandfather and grandmother, besides uncles and aunts, as the physical factors which originated his own personality, appears at first sight somewhat cold-blooded, yet it is undeniably of the deepest interest. But of course he is treating himself as an illustration of his own theories, and of the influence which heredity has on the intellectual and moral constitution of children. Nothing could be more positive than the inference we are required to draw from his account of his family that Herbert Spencer was the product of all the Spencers that had preceded him. He dilates on amore on resemblances and differences, and explains his own superiority with an egoism which is often amusing, always in good taste and never offensive. He has a curious description of four of his physical and mental characteristics to show that they were direct inheritances of characters acquired by his grandfather and father; and he thus maintains a well-known controversial thesis in biology as to the transmission of acquired characteristics. It almost seems as if he believed that his fate was determined to be the author of the synthetic philosophy, and that the Cosmos was prepared for him. He dwells with special complacency on the family influences which made him disregard authority and received opinions; on his refusal to submit to the teaching of the ordinary academic subjects; on his reliance on his own thoughts and indifference to what had been said by others if their mode of thinking ran counter to his own intuitions. His non-receptivity was certainly remarkable. He was never a great reader of any kind of literature. His own thoughts alone seemed to interest him, and his reading was directed only by what was required for his particular purpose. He found no use in past philosophies or past literatures, and his disdain of ordinary history was absolute. In Edinburgh he was asked something about Mary Queen of Scots; his reply was, "I am happy to say I do not know". In one of his books he pours scorn on those who troubled themselves as to whether she were guilty or not of plotting against Elizabeth. The scientific field in which his mind exercised itself was wide enough; but a criticism of everything from one point of view tends to become monotonous even if it is true. This self-centering, this reliance on his own resources, the craving not for knowing what others had said about the larger topics of life but for seeing what he himself could make of them, is a kind of monomania which is the antithesis of the scholars and is the mark of the great system-producer.

Though Spencer had many interests, and his,

thinking on a vast variety of subjects gives him almost the air of versatility, everything was ultimately absorbed by or made secondary to the one great purpose of his life. He succeeded in accomplishing it and he did so without becoming a recluse. Notwithstanding ill-health he was on the whole fortunate especially in his friends; and he made a practical protest against asceticism by definitely adopting his pleasures and pursuing them, but always as a philosopher. He fished, played billiards and racquets, rowed and walked, and had the art of dictating his most recondite disquisitions while he was recovering breath. Music and painting he enjoyed, or rather he enjoyed his own criticisms of these arts; but these and most other mental excitements, even novel-reading and poetry, and general society, he had to deny himself; sleeplessness being for most years of his life the penalty of their enjoyment. It is amazing to think that his voluminous works were the products of a man who hardly ever slept or worked more than three hours a day. That his enterprise was nearly frustrated by his want of means; that he was assisted by friends whose subscriptions had to take the place of sales; and yet that ultimately, about the time he was fifty, he began to derive a comfortable income from a public becoming more appreciative, are facts now well known. What is not so well known are his views of his life-work, his satisfaction or dissatisfaction with it and with himself. All this is disclosed frankly, manfully, pathetically and humorously in this Autobiography. He was proud of himself, and of his great powers; as proud almost of his mental fertility in inventing a fishing rod, an invalid bed, an improved file for newspapers, or a spirit level for surveying, as of disproving a theory of Professor Owen in osteology or of fathering the synthetic philosophy.

He analyses carefully all his other chances of success and comes to the conclusion that he chose the work which conduced most to his happiness. He had apparently only one regret and it formed, as it may be said, the woof of his life. He had cut himself off from wife and children: but he analysed this idea until he arrived at the conclusion that probably his synthetic philosophy would have suffered if he had had them; a wise conclusion to which he added, with the thorough agreement of the reader, that other parties to the transaction would doubtless have suffered with it. He was a rough, gnarled, dogmatic, opinionative, disputatious, overbearing, egoistic person in all matters intellectual; but if he was not one whom strangers would like on short acquaintance, he had a vein of tenderness and sweetness in his character which would call forth admiration and affection from those who had opportunities of familiarity with him. If he was not easy and amenable he was not ostentatiously savage and truculent, and a centre of his own and others' misery as was Carlyle. Age saw him mellowed. It was significant when he sent to a friend a review of his "Study of Sociology" in the SATURDAY REVIEW: though previously he had forbidden his books being sent to the reviewers. His views of the older universities softened a little when he knew that Oxford had adopted some of his books as text-books, while the more modern universities nearer his ideals had hesitated about using them. He came to admit that his ideas of social life and religion might advance too rapidly for safety; and this moderated his impatience with the "general irrationality". The Autobiography ends nobly. We have not quoted any of the opinions he expresses on an extraordinary number of subjects: but there is one sentence which is of the deepest interest in view of the position Spencer held in the controversies of the last half-century over science and religion. It is the last sentence in the book, and it is preceded by one in which he says "I have come more and more to look calmly on forms of religious belief to which I had in earlier days a pronounced aversion". Then comes his final thought expressed with that exquisite precision which was the chief mark of his style. "Thus religious creeds, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need: feeling that dissent from them

results from inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found." This is agnosticism; but it is agnosticism touched with the emotion which has formed the creeds.

POETRY OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.

"Avril: Essays on the Poetry of the French Renaissance." By H. Belloc. London: Duckworth. 1904. 5s. net.

"Voicy le mois d'Avril, où nasquit la merveille
Qui fait en terre foy de la beauté des cieus"—

These lines of Ronsard, or possibly Du Bellay's

"Avril, la grace, et le ris
De Cypris"—

may have inspired Mr. Belloc with the charming title of his book, which, if not so valuable and necessary as he appears to think it, contains many exquisite poems probably unknown to the ordinary reader. As a compilation, it is too scanty and the selections are too hackneyed to have any great value for the amateur and connoisseur of the period, nor will his appreciation be much aided by the accompanying essays.

In an amazingly conceited preface addressed to a Mr. Eccles Mr. Belloc bitterly reproaches the English people for its ignorance of French literature, and complains that "the fifteenth century, the storm of the Renaissance are not taught". A little later he says "If you ask me why I should myself approach the matter, I can plead some inheritance of French blood . . . and a year of active, if eccentric, experience in a French barrack-room . . . Indeed, if anything of France is to be explained in English, I could not desire a better alliance than yours and mine". This is where we cannot agree with Mr. Belloc. Explanation in English is not his strong point. If his soldiering was as "eccentric" as his writing, he can hardly have been an acquisition to the French army. He is full of perfervid enthusiasm, and overflowing with incoherent ideas which he expresses with a feverish loquacity. His thoughts and his utterance are alike confused, the words pour forth in riotous disorder, without any regard for their significance and propriety.

His style is at the same time ill considered and mannered, its affectation and unmeaning elaborateness betray incompetence in writing, and a careless habit of thought.

"The grave, abiding, kind but covert face of Charles d'Orléans" is nonsense, and there is great clumsiness and infelicity of expression in the following examples of the "stylishness" on which Mr. Belloc probably congratulates himself:—

"A dithyrambic code of awful law."

"An Italian secretary wrote from his mouth the most sumptuous of his MSS."

"The leader . . . stands out great, but particular and clear, on a background vague or dark."

"All the poem is wine."

"See how sharp it is with the salt and vinegar of his pressed courageous smile."

"Caught on with this aspect of energy producing the classic, is the truth that energy alone can dare to be classical."

"The name of Ronsard throws about itself like an aureole, the characters of fecundity, of leadership and of fame."

"The man who wrote it, had seen that large and honourable mouth worshipping wine, he had revered that head of laughter which has corrected all our philosophy."

The period covered by the title of the French Renaissance extends over about two hundred years, from 1430 to 1628—from the mediæval "Gentillesse" and naïveté of the "chevalier plaintiff", Charles d'Orléans, in whose ballades and rondeaux stirs faintly the first breath of the Renaissance, to the classic severity of Malherbe.

The "epoch-making" historian who insists on arbitrary division into periods, would probably object to the inclusion of Charles d'Orléans and Villon in the Renaissance movement. But Villon was far less mediæval than the rhétoriciens who followed him,

in his amazing intellectual vigour and originality, in poignancy of feeling and expression he anticipated the vitality of the sixteenth century. The transition of feeling and style is gradual. In the "fraicheur de pinceau" and spontaneous musical utterance of Charles d'Orléans is the slender promise of the richer form, and more glowing colouring, of the deeper fuller melody of the Pleiade. The careful elegance of Marot, with his naïve and almost pathetic emulation of Vergil and Ovid, brings him into line with Malherbe and Voiture. Only slightly Italianised and humanistic he is typically French in his gaiety and light-heartedness, and his natural "finesse". His work is transitional, his "Temple de Cupido" of 1515 is modelled on the "Roman de la Rose", his epistles eclogues and blasons, his travesties and satires, his Psalms which pleased the Bibliennes, are of the Renaissance. In his "joie de vivre", his curiosity and love of novelty, his Latinist tastes, his courtly Platonism, he is the true child of his time, but the wit and grace of his "esprit gaulois", his entertaining ingenuity, his satirical touch, he owed to no movement or prevailing spirit. The fully conscious expression of the Renaissance is first found in the work of Ronsard and Du Bellay, the greatest stars of the Pleiade. They were enthusiastic humanists, but not mere Latinisers. The learned had hitherto despised the vernacular as a medium of intellectual expression. It was adequate only for mignardises like the sonnets of St. Gelais, for chansons and virelais and for the popular "coq à l'âne". The Pleiade in raising the poetic ideal by attempting an elevation of tone, a sublimity of subject, a nobility of form hitherto unknown, also enriched the French language, ambitious that it should equal in splendour, variety, and efficiency the eloquence of classic tongues—"Je fis des mots nouveaux, je restauray les vieux". The two chief characteristics which distinguish the modern from the mediæval spirit in literature are the critical faculty or sense of style, and the personal note or sense of individualism.

This conscious and intentional fine writing savours sometimes of preciosity and euphuism—and in this respect the Hôtel Rambouillet inherited from the Pleiade. Nevertheless the Augustan age scorned their classicism, and it was left, oddly enough, to the Romanticists of 1830 to place Ronsard and Du Bellay among the immortals, less, it is true, on account of their classicism than in admiration of their fresh and delicate sense of beauty, and the gracious richness and naïveté of their style. After two centuries of rigid severity, the luxuriance of imagery and Italianate ornament, the variety and irregularities of rhythm, the musical spontaneity, the quaint archaisms, the charming colour and prettiness of the Renaissance poetry were refreshing, inspiring. The gracious melancholy and exquisite poignancy of Du Bellay, the "emoustillant" eroticism of Ronsard, is the personal note which marks a modern individualism. True, Ronsard "Petrarchised" in the prevailing fashion, but he disliked Platonism "qui embrasse le faux pour les choses cognues". He preferred "en bas lieu d'être amoureux" and thought the courtship of princesses waste of time, and reproaches the lady "qui n'aimez qu'en idées". He sings gladly of love—

"Sorcier, charmeur, affété, mesdisant,
Confit en fiel, et en miel tout ensemble."
"Quand je veux d'amour ou écrire ou parler
Ma langue se desnoue."

He is at his best in his exquisite love-sonnets and chansons, such as the famous "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose" and "Plus étroit que la vigne à l'ormeau se marie", in his dear dainty little Anacreontics

"Version ces roses en ce vin,
En ce bon vin version les roses"

rather than in his Pindaric odes, or the frigid artificial "Franciade". He is gay and "bon viveur", there is no melancholy or cynicism mingled with his voluptuousness as in the Italian poets.

"Enfin vint Malherbe"—who relentlessly pruned the luxuriance of the Renaissance, and who, zealous to the end for the severe purity of the French language, on

his deathbed rebuked his nurse for an ungrammatical expression. As Mr. Belloc characteristically observes, "the fate of all that exuberance was to find order".

We only hope for his own sake that the exuberance of Mr. Belloc may meet the same fate, and that before "Racine calls" him "or those forgotten men who urged the Revolution with phrases of fire" he may achieve a style worthier of his literary enthusiasm.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

"Newman." By William Barry. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1904. 3s. 6d.

THE Oxford Movement, like the tragedy of the Stuarts, never grows stale, and we no more resent a new book about its lost leader than we resent a new book about Prince Charlie. But we demur to a biography of John Henry Newman coming to us as one in a series of "Literary Lives", almost as much as we should object to a volume called "Prose-poets—Isaiah", or "Popular Preacher Series—the Baptist". Newman's eagle-like imagination, powerful understanding and fastidious delicacy of judgment would no doubt have given him eminence in any walk of literature. But the idea of going down to posterity as a stylist and a man of letters would have been odious to him; nor can we agree with Dr. Barry that "by his language he will live when the questions upon which it was employed have sunk below the horizon, or appear above it in undreamt-of shapes". Ruskin and Carlyle in their preaching strove diligently after form. Newman could never be a sloven; his diction from the first was masterly, pure and in perfect taste. But he was too passionately engrossed in recalling immortal souls to their God and the Church of England to her truer and nobler self to be pre-occupied with the thought how what he had to say was said, or with anxiety for his own literary reputation. The "Arians of the Fourth Century", published in the birth year of the movement, is, as Mr. R. H. Hutton remarked, dry almost to grittiness. "For the next thirteen years at least it was only in a few short poems, and a few of the later university sermons, that he betrayed his strange mastery of literary effect. All his many publications during this period are remarkable for a severe and businesslike treatment of the theological subjects with which he dealt. It was not indeed till after he became a Roman Catholic that Dr. Newman's literary genius showed itself adequately in his prose writings, and not till twenty years after he became a Roman Catholic that his unique poem was written. And of that keen and searching irony of which he was afterwards a master there was little trace till after he had nearly completed his fiftieth year."

And yet the interest of Newman for ourselves and for those that come after must lie in the years before 1845. Even from the literary standpoint, it is out of spiritual conflict, as Dr. Barry well observes, that great literature is bred, and the briar lashed with rain and wind is more interesting, and in a sense more beautiful, than the rose of the flower-border. After the Tractarian leader reached haven—"it was", he says, "like coming into port after a rough sea"—the expanding richness of his style, so different from the journalistic crispness and plainness of the Tracts or the lucid simplicity of the S. Mary's sermons, had still a deep religious inspiration. But the note of tears is gone. Not that Newman's haven was anywhere but at the foot of the Cross, or that he found, or looked to find, smoothness and comfortableness in his new communion, which appreciated him so little and in which what he called "an insolent and aggressive faction" was soon to seize the helm. But the supreme pathos of the Tractarian struggle was over for him. No longer did the haunting words "I have a work to do in England" cause him one day to sob passionately and another to be filled with an exulting inspiration of health and joy. The infandus dolor of years in which the stars of his heaven were one by one going out was only to be renewed as a memory on paper, and Cardinal Newman lived to be not only venerated but caressed and flattered by that mundane, educated society towards which his thoughts had once been so fierce. Well,

sequels are never very interesting. The last words of the "Apologia" are these:—"I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. I have never seen it since, excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway." But a note is added to recent editions that the author revisited Oxford in 1878, after an absence of thirty-two years. He went back to receive honours from his old college, Trinity. But most people, especially those who saw him on that occasion surrounded not by those who loved him best but by Liberals elate with having dislodged the Church of England from her academic throne, wished that that pathetic sentence could have remained unspoiled. It was like Prometheus back at Olympus, and reconciled to the new régime, which had driven him out.

The aim of the Oxford Movement had been, in Newman's own phrase, to "resist Liberalism"—doctrinal and political. He left the Church of England because he came to think of her as irretrievably committed to the Protestant or Liberal standpoint, while the only communion which was at open war with the spirit of the modern age was that of Rome. If, he cried in that magnificent paragraph in the *Essay on Development*, there is a form of Christianity now in the world which is accused of gross superstition, which is considered to enslave the mind, and to bear on its very surface the manifest signs of folly and falsehood, which is felt to be so simply bad that it may be calumniated at pleasure, a religion such that men regard a convert to it with a feeling of suspicion, fear and disgust which only Judaism, Socialism or Mormonism raises, a religion which men consider the instrument of darkness, a pollution calling down on the land the anger of heaven, and speak of it in whispers and cast out as evil, such a form of Christianity assuredly resembles that of the primitive martyrs and saints. Yes; but, whatever may have been the case sixty years since, we are sure no one would recognise in this description the respected, pushing and successful communion, petted by politicians and fêted by the fashionable, over which Archbishop Bourne now presides. The note of persecution has shifted elsewhere. Newman's fierce eloquence has lost its point. We are not sure that even his keen logic kept its edge wholly unturned. One of his finest pieces of ironical invective is the scornful ridicule which he poured on the Church of England when excited by the Papal aggression in 1851. Heresy, scepticism, infidelity and fanaticism may challenge that Church in vain, but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism and it recognises by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. The bells of the steeples begin to sound spontaneously. Bishop, dean, archdeacon, rector and curate, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intensity and thickening emotion. And yet what would Dr. Newman have said six years earlier if Anglican dignitaries and Churchmen generally had not indignantly protested against a partition of England into new sees claiming to represent the only Catholic hierarchy? Such indignation could only proceed from the claim for the Church of England to be the true Catholic Church in this country, and acquiescence, had the situation then arisen, would have been branded by Newman as an abandonment of that claim. Was it not a question of ignored jurisdiction (in Jerusalem) which finally drove him over? And even the no-Popery clamour of the public and newspapers was, on the principles he inculcated, better than latitudinarian indifference. It is a shock to find Newman illogical, for it leads one to suppose that no Englishman can be anything else. Father Barry maintains that his real descent was Hebraic, or Dutch Hebrew: the family at one time spelled the name "Newmann". It is curious that little Benjamin Disraeli was his playmate in Bloomsbury Square. On the other hand Dr. Barry describes Cardinal Newman as "an Oxford man sprung from the middle class, who remained to the last an old-fashioned Englishman, insular and even somewhat prejudiced"; while Manning wrote to Rome in 1866:—"I see much danger of an English Catholicism of which Newman is the highest type. It is the old Anglican, patristic, literary Oxford tone transplanted into the Church."

We have expressed the opinion that the second half of Newman's long life loses not only in dramatic interest but in idealism and dialectical singleness of aim. But when we think of him it is always as saint and prophet, one of those kingly men whom Providence raises up at rare intervals to be the leaders of great causes. That the Church revival went on without his leadership may seem strange, though Pusey and Keble remained. That it goes on now without any leaders at all seems stranger still. It is clear at any rate that the *Via Media* can no longer be called an un-English exotic or said to exist only on paper.

NOVELS.

"The Queen's Quair." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan. 1904. 6s.

Such a romance as "The Queen's Quair" must reply to a double challenge,—from history and from life. It may be good history without very appreciably extending our intimacy with the ways of men, or it may add to the illumination of life, yet be of very small account as history. Not that, as a rule, one expects history from the historical romance, far otherwise. But, though both romantic and historical, one would be sorry to suggest for Mr. Hewlett's essay any kinship with the abortive unrealities of the romantic historian. If it were not that so many critics seem to consider the possession of intellect by a novelist a direct derivation from Mr. George Meredith one might refer to "The Tragic Comedians" as offering the same conception in the treatment of a theme. The tasks in the two cases scarcely permit of comparison—Mr. Hewlett's being immeasurably the more difficult—but the method in each, the remorseless distillation of the essence of drama from an historical situation, is essentially the same.

"The Queen's Quair" covers a great space of time, a great range of country, a very numerous company; and compression, the severest compression, was inevitably ordained if the structure was to exhibit any sense of proportion. And compression we have. The author's eye for the essential, and his descriptive continence have made him a master of the short story, and here the inessential is so rigidly excluded, the effects are so vigorously obtained, that the portraiture has occasionally a touch of hardness and some scenes have an air of being painted with too passionate a brush. The defects are inseparable from the method, they are indeed almost of its fine qualities. They do not in the least detract from one's enjoyment, but they may seem too nakedly violent to those not endowed with the dramatic imagination. On the other hand one's delight in the book comes largely from an assumption of that imagination in its readers. It is not written for fools. That of itself is to-day becoming a distinction. One feels so much less competent than the writer to judge his treatment of historical detail, that one would only complain where he fails to render an outline or an atmosphere of which there can be no dispute. He has been hitherto in his finer work something of an impressionist, and therefore particularly concerned with atmosphere which makes here the prominence and excellence of his outline, and his occasional failure to suggest an atmosphere, the more remarkable. And the atmosphere which one misses most and of which one has obviously the greatest need is that of Scotland itself. We get a hint of it from John Knox, a hint from Mr. Cragg the preacher, a hint from the Edinburgh crowds, but no sense of its oppression and potential energies. In the earlier pages there is an attempt to realise the conflicting temperaments of Scotland and France, but as the book progresses, the sense of scene is sacrificed to an incisive drawing of character, and at its most critical moment, with Mary and Bothwell at Dunbar, one misses entirely the dynamic of the forces arrayed against them, which should be felt as oppressively as the hand of fate. It is possible that Mr. Hewlett has wilfully left Scottish sentiment unrealised to avoid adding to the difficulties in his portrait of the Queen, since it is clearly his interest in that picture which has prompted the book. As portraiture it is a piece of extraordinarily fine and subtle drawing, indeed so

magnificently are its difficulties faced, so courageously are its bewildering "planes" undertaken, that one often loses sympathy with the woman in sheer admiration of the work—it is safe to predict that many admirers of Queen Mary will not accept this presentation of her, at any rate in its later stages, as the all too would-be wife. But the book abounds in wonderful portraiture, wrought with the craftsman's sheer joy of craftsmanship—Bothwell, Moray, Sempill, Melville, Morton, Lethington, Archie Douglas, Lady Reres, French Saris—one could double easily the list of them. The style of the writing is soaked in the hardy roughness of the time. It stands indeed the supreme test of style, that it should be shaped and coloured by its matter. It might almost have been used three hundred years ago, and yet its note is neither pretentious nor archaic. It is not too much to say that the book is worth study for its workmanship alone.

"Wrong Side Out." By W. Clark Russell. London: Chatto and Windus. 1904. 6s.

Anyone unfamiliar with Mr. Clark Russell's work will, after a few pages of "Wrong Side Out", turn in amazement to the long list of novels by the same hand advertised opposite the title-page. For the new story bears no sign of a practised hand. It is spun out to a tedious length by continuous iterations, by perpetual insistence upon trivialities. A married man taking a sea voyage alone is wrecked, loses his memory, marries in good faith a lady met on the ship which rescued him. He has unconsciously invented for himself a new name and history, and the only link between his lunatic fancies and his normal self is his belief in his own descent from Charles I. Meanwhile his wife, having cause to think him dead, marries again. The two pairs meet in mid-ocean—but not until 450 closely printed pages have been traversed. The lunatic hero is a very tedious person, and his inventor need not have devoted such pains to citing evidence of the possibility of such a loss of memory as he describes. As the scene is laid about forty years ago, surely it is anachronistic to make the doctors discuss (in unnecessary detail) the bacilli of tuberculosis and to dress the hero in pyjamas. Mr. Russell seems not to know the difference between "venal" and "venial", and to believe that Sir Walter Scott wrote a book called "Abbotsford".

"The Great Proconsul: the Memoirs of Mrs. Hester Ward, formerly in the Family of the Honble. Warren Hastings, Esq., late Governor-General of India." Edited by Sydney C. Grier. London: Blackwood. 1904. 6s.

Miss Gertrude Atherton once gave us in "The Conqueror" a book that was a mixture of biography and fiction dealing with the career of Alexander Hamilton, and now the lady who elects to be known as Sydney Grier has treated the career of Warren Hastings in a similar fashion, and has succeeded far better in the difficult task. The reader in search of light entertainment will find here little to his taste, but the reader who can appreciate patient study of character will find much that is impressive in the diary in which Hester Ward narrates the story of the latter half of Hastings' Governor-Generalship of India. Hester is a protégée of Mrs. Hastings, and is as devoted an admirer of "the great Proconsul" as was his wife herself. The reader thus gets a one-sided view of Hastings' character, and if it happens to err on the score of being over-favourable that is scarcely to be grudged to the memory of the man who was vilified as Warren Hastings was for some years after his return from the East. There is but little of "story" such as is looked for by the "ordinary novel-reader" in this volume; it is rather an unconventional bit of biographical study to which a certain air of truthfulness is imparted by its being presented in diary form. Philip Francis—whom we are taught to loathe and despise—Sir Elijah Impey, Sir Eyre Coote, and other notable characters of course play their parts in the narrative, which, if neither exhilarating nor engrossing, is yet distinctly impressive. The great amount of research which must have gone to the making of the work is perhaps, it is only fair to add, most skilfully disguised.

THE JULY REVIEWS.

Foreign policy as affected by the Kiel visit, the war and the Tibet expedition occupies a large portion of the space of the Reviews this month. The reviewers, apart from Mr. Edward Dacey who in the "Empire" takes a sane view of British relations with Germany, seem all overborne by the belief that Germany has evolved schemes of Weltpolitik which render it dangerous to have anything to do with her. "Julius" in the "Contemporary" is assured that Germany intends to spare no effort to secure the removal of Lord Cromer from Egypt and the appointment of a chief adviser to the Khedive who shall be persona grata to the Kaiser. In the "National" the mysterious cabal known as "A.B.C. Etc." enlarges on German ambitions, and describes as inevitable a struggle between Germany and Great Britain if Germany adheres to her present design of transferring her destiny to the water and founding a great Colonial Empire. British schemes of defence we are told should be directed to anticipating or warding off the blow by which Germany thinks she would be able to shatter the British Empire. "A.B.C. Etc." deny that the alliance between France and Russia is as popular as it was a year or two ago, and urge that British diplomacy should seek to develop relations with France and Italy in view of a comprehensive arrangement between England and Russia. In the "Fortnightly" "Calchas" and in the "Contemporary" Dr. Dillon advocate an Anglo-Russian rapprochement, of course without any semblance of disloyalty to Japan. "Calchas" thinks that the rise of Japan has prevented a colossal struggle between England and Russia. Russia has now to be reorganised, and she would probably do better in alliance with Great Britain than with Germany whose ambitions conflict with both. Dr. Dillon regards an Anglo-Russian Convention as the practical corollary of the Anglo-French Convention, but he makes it quite clear that Russia must give up any designs she may have entertained in the direction of Kabul, Seistan, the Persian Gulf and India. "To put the matter on a low plane", says Dr. Dillon, "it is distinctly her interest to make a friend of Great Britain and to keep the peace for many years to come. However the war may end and whatever the terms of peace may be, Russia cannot afford to indulge too soon again in the political experiments of the last ten years, which would now be incomparably more costly and more dangerous than ever". Mr. O. Eltzbacher in the "Nineteenth Century" describes briefly but in some detail how Japan transformed herself from mediæval Orientalism to modern Western culture: it is "one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of the world". Having reformed herself Japan must now take Korea in hand, and Mr. Alfred Stead in the "Fortnightly" shows the lines along which a strong administration at Seoul might work. Japan will not be actuated by any merely selfish motive. "It is doubtful", says Mr. Stead, "whether there has ever been a great nation gifted so absolutely with the international sense as is Japan". This consideration should be taken into account by the friends of a "white Australia" in their treatment of the Japanese—a subject which Mr. Stead discusses in the "Monthly Review". Mr. Stead does not hesitate to tell Australia pretty plainly what he considers to be her duty as a member of the British Empire.

In the "Nineteenth Century" Colonel Lonsdale Hale enlarges on "Our Pitiable Military Situation" and Mr. Henry Birchenough advocates compulsory military training as a sort of second education. In the "Contemporary" Major Seely puts the problem which has been opened up by the recent report of the Royal Commission into his title: "Conscripts or Onlookers". Colonel Hale finds that the only difference between the majority and the minority report of the Commission is that whereas the former desire to make us secure at once the latter wish to postpone the process until the efficacy of less strong measures has been tried. He thinks it is for the

(Continued on page 56.)

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educated classes themselves carefully to study the evidence and then to use their influence to induce the other classes to accept with them the common obligation to render Great Britain impregnable to assault "no matter how disabled or distant from us for a time may be the deservedly trusted first line of defence our Royal Navy". Colonel Hale does not appear to have considered the question of food supply. Possibly he assumes that it will have been provided for. To the same effect writes Major Seely. He considers that it is a plain duty to lay the facts fairly before his countrymen in order to show them "the great advantages and even the necessity of every able-bodied man fitting himself so far as he can to fight for his country should need arise". He would go further and make experiments in invasion. For instance he would send an army corps to Cork and instruct the general to effect a landing on the coasts of England anywhere he pleased within ten days. He would turn every able-bodied man into a soldier and give our home forces an opportunity of testing their readiness to repel the invader. Mr. Julian Corbett in the "Monthly" takes the other side. He calls the commission one-eyed and says the conclusion at which it arrived was not by any means the most lamentable part of it. He finds the Commissioners' arguments full of errors and false points and derives comfort only from the conviction that "so near-sighted a report will effectually stop any further attempt to settle it by Royal or Parliamentary Commission. It will and must be settled in the Committee of Defence where soldier and sailor at least sit side by side". In the same number of the "Monthly" is an article by Count Albert Apponyi on the Army Question in Austria and Hungary, which, so far as it is not of constitutional and political interest, supports the view that the able-bodied men of a nation should be at the country's call for purposes of defence.

Mr. E. H. Parker's article in the "Fortnightly" on "The Bottom-Rock of the Tibet Question" will not leave much doubt in anyone's mind as to the necessity for British interference if Tibet was not to be turned into a Russian preserve. He sets out the history of Tibet and then meets Russia's assertion that certain treaties are bogus with the statement that he has in his possession a treaty signed in Lhasa 27 February 1903 between the Chinese resident and the "Russian Minister K'o whoever he may be". This treaty, genuine or "bogus", stipulates that no Power shall "intervene between Russia and China in this matter, nor can any of these stipulations be modified owing to the interference of other Powers. The Russo-Chinese Bank will defray all the expense of prospecting for mines in Tibet. A royalty of 10 per cent. shall be paid to China upon all coal and metals extracted. Mining proprietors, whether Chinese or Russian, must not extract in any year to a greater value than 200,000 taels. All recently discovered veins must be clearly marked out, and defined, so as to avoid future disputes. All imports of machinery and tools, if they come via Russia, shall be free of duty. Unauthorised undertakings, whether by Chinese or Russians, to be severely dealt with." Mr. E. J. Solano in the "National" goes so far as to express the opinion that some day Russian pretensions in Tibet will bring about an Anglo-Russian War. Only the Viceroy, he says, realises how near Great Britain has already been to this fearful possibility. Both Mr. Parker and Mr. Solano applaud the vigilant diplomacy which has saved Tibet from absorption by Russia. Mr. Demetrius Boulger in the "Nineteenth Century" tells the story of the Capture of Lhasa in 1710 by the Eleuths, in the belief that the record "of a half-forgotten or at least obscure historical event may convince the British public that a Russian invasion of Tibet, by diplomatic missions in the first place and by armed force later on, is not the fantastic or impossible undertaking that so many persons have represented it to be".

Ex-President Cleveland in the "Fortnightly" explains the action of the American Government in the Chicago strike of 1894 and takes credit to himself for the constitutional precedent then set by the Federal authorities. Another article in the "Fortnightly" which will attract attention is Mrs. John Lane's on "Temporary Power"—the power exercised over genteel humanity by such autocrats as omnibus conductors and waiters. Lady Currie has a delightful account in the "Nineteenth" of some of the "Enfants Trouvés" on her bookshelves—"a number of slender little volumes which contain the sublimated essence of their authors' poetical being". Incidentally she combats Mr. George Moore's view that "the presence of women in art is waste and disappointment". Mr. Robert Bridges in the "Monthly" outlines a scheme for the rescue of the English nation from its decadence in music. He finds that the English people, "whose musical endowments are second to none in the world", like bad music because they are accustomed to it. How is a healthy national taste to be generated? He proposes to begin with the primary schools, then to deal with the churches and finally the theatres and music-halls. If children are educated to good music, the quality of the music heard in churches and places of entertainment would improve, because the people would not submit to the bad. He would therefore have the Inspector of Music on

the Board of Education draw up a schedule of music suitable for different classes in schools. Such music should be published at a national office and the use of any music not provided in the schedule would be forbidden. He anticipates that the scheme would be not only an artistic but a commercial success.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Juillet. 3/4.

M. Lévy discusses at some length the finances of Russia and Japan and on the whole with impartiality. He seems to think that the enthusiasm with which the last Japanese loan was subscribed here was due to the popularity of the "gallant little Japs". We are inclined to believe that it is far more probably induced by the prospect of a safe six per cent. And was there not considerable irritation in Japan over the fact that it was necessary to secure the loan on the Customs? M. Lévy believes that the result of the war will be to make Japan ultra-protectionist in order to pay her creditors and that, if she acquires control over China, this will prove a danger to Europe. A China controlled by either Russia or Japan entirely will be dangerous to the world no doubt, but M. Lévy would prefer Russia. We think that either control would prove equally bad. M. Charmes deals at length with the "millions of the Chartreuse monks" which is rapidly developing into what Balzac called "une ténébreuse affaire". Neither M. Combes nor M. Millerand has come well out of it, and in any case it is clear that great interests have in the past been subscribing heavily to Republican party funds. The question is How far does all this touch individuals? What part has really been played by the mysterious Chabert and where does M. Lagrave, the French Commissioner to the St. Louis Exhibition, really come in? (for clearly he does come in). At all events there is no disputing the extreme impropriety of the incursion of M. Combes fils into the private room of the Juge d'Instruction when he was examining M. Lagrave. The latter was certainly not thereby encouraged to tell all he knew. Why we may ask finally has the public prosecutor just resigned? The whole affair is in truth somewhat "louche". The only parties who come out well are the Chartreuse monks themselves who are impartially abused by all good Republicans, we may presume to save their own face.

For this Week's Books see page 58.

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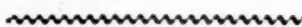
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the £220 a day needed to keep this great work up as
it should be, and I should be very grateful if those who
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SYDNEY HOLLAND,
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BONANZA, LIMITED.

From the MANAGER'S REPORT for May 1904.

Total Yield in fine gold from all sources 5,372'260 ozs.
Total Yield in fine gold from all sources, per ton milled 12'715 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 8,450 Tons Milled.

	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining	£5,964 16 8	£0 14 1'415
Development Redemption	245 0 0	0 2 0'000
Crushing and Sorting	482 10 4	0 1 1'716
Milling	1,132 8 0	0 2 8'164
Cyaniding Sands	1,134 6 4	0 2 8'217
Slimes	430 17 7	0 1 0'238
Sundry Head Office Expenses	310 2 1	0 0 8'008
	£10,300 10 0	£1 4 4'558
Profit	13,005 8 0	1 10 9'473
	£23,306 18 0	£2 15 1'971
	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Account—		
Mill Gold	£12,934 1 0	£1 10 7'357
Cyanide Gold	9,694 17 0	1 2 11'357
	22,628 18 0	2 13 6'714
Interest Account	678 0 0	1 7'257
	£23,306 18 0	£2 15 1'971

No capital expenditure was incurred during the month.

On account of the extreme scarcity of Native labour it has been necessary, in
order to keep the full complement of stamps running during April and May, to
mine a certain proportion of the top section of the main reef with the main reef
leader, which has had the effect of lowering the grade of the rock mined.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED. Johannesburg, Transvaal.

From the Directors' Report for May, 1904.

Gold Recovered.

	BULLION.	FINE GOLD.
From	Total. Ozs. Per ton milled. Dwts.	Total. Ozs. Per ton milled. Dwts.
Mill	10,468'69 10'395	9,064'325 8'975
Tailings	3,875'69 3'837	3,221'316 3'189
Slimes	957'00 0'948	777'957 0'770
Own Concentrates	1,072'45 1'062	1,030'599 1'021
Total from own Ore	16,403'83 16'242	14,094'407 13'955
Purchased Concentrates	842'64 817'470	
	17,246'47	14,911'877

Expenditure and Revenue.

155 Stamps crushed 20,200 tons.

EXPENDITURE.

	£ s. d.	Per ton milled. £ s. d.
Mining Account	19,489 11 4	0 10 4'629
Milling Account	3,506 16 11	0 3 5'665
Vanning Account	323 5 11	0 0 3'341
Cyaniding and Chlorination Accounts	2,744 14 8	0 2 8'611
Slimes Account	654 5 0	0 0 7'773
General Maintenance	47 18 0	0 0 0'569
General Charges	1,705 4 3	0 1 8'260
	19,471 16 1	0 19 3'348
Development Account	5,498 2 6	0 5 5'324
Machinery Plant and Buildings	411 10 1	0 0 4'889
	25,381 8 8	1 5 1'561
Profit on Working	34,787 11 6	1 14 5'318
	60,169 0 2	2 19 6'879

REVENUE.

	£ s. d.	Per ton milled. £ s. d.
Gold Accounts—		
From Mill	38,553 0 0	1 13 2'056
From Tailings	13,743 4 11	0 13 7'286
From Slimes	3,267 9 4	0 3 2'848
From Own Concentrates	4,396 11 11	0 4 4'237
	59,950 6 9	2 19 4'400
Sundry Revenue—		
Rents, Interest, Profit on Purchased Con- centrates, &c.	208 13 5	0 0 2'479
	60,169 0 2	2 19 6'879

No provision has been made in the above Account for payment of the 10 per cent.
Profits Tax.

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